The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1914.

Summary of the News

The internal situation in Mexico has been somewhat improved by the adjustment of the difficulties causing the breach between Villa and Carranza, which we noted last week. At a meeting of the generals of both sides to the controversy, held at Torreon, a *modus vivendi* was arrived at, by which Villa will continue to recognize Carranza as First Chief and leader of the Constitutionalists, while Villa will apparently be recognized as the supreme chief of the army of the north and second in authority only to Carranza. Plans have been resumed for the campaign against Mexico City.

While the Constitutionalists have been busy composing their differences at Torreon, Gen. Huerta has placidly been getting himself elected President at Mexico City. In the elections held on Sunday in the part of the country under Federal control, less than three per cent. of the voters went to the polls, but that proportion was sufficient to cause a landslide in favor of Huerta. Aureliano Blanquet was declared Vice-President. As the future destinies of Mexico are likely to be considerably affected by the Constitutionalists, the result of the elections cannot be said to have brought about any material change in the situation. Meanwhile, Carranza has displayed no further eagerness to send delegates to confer with Huerta's representatives, although dispatches from Washington on Tuesday were hopeful concerning his intentions.

In a dispatch to the War Department, published on Tuesday, Brig.-Gen. Funston confirmed reports of a mutiny among Gen. Huerta's forces before the American outposts at Vera Cruz. Gen. Funston reported that the Mexican commander had informed him of the uprising and of the threat of the mutineers to attack the American lines. Consequently, if the attack were made, it would not be regarded as an "attack under orders," and would not affect the existing armistice.

President Wilson last week instituted a departure from the policy which he has hitherto pursued in calling into conference with him Mr. J. P. Morgan. The interview with Mr. Morgan is understood to have been only the first of similar conversations which the President intends to have with representatives of large commercial interests in regard to business conditions. According to a statement given out by William F. McCombs, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, on Saturday, it is the plan of the President to explain clearly to business men the significance of the legislation that is contemplated in order that the country may be able the more readily to adjust itself to the new conditions.

Any faint hopes that members of Congress might still have entertained of an adjournment before early autumn were disposed of last week, when a caucus of Democratic Senators voted to remain in session until the pending Trust bills were "disposed of." In the form in which it was originally presented, the resolution provided that Congress should continue in session until the bills were "passed," but the phrasing was considered too exacting, in view of the fact that the bills may undergo considerable modifications before their final consideration. The three measures referred to are the Clayton, the Railroad Securities, and the Federal Trade Commission bills.

Paul M. Warburg on Tuesday formally requested the President to withdraw his nomination to be a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Warburg's action was prompted by his objections to the manner of cross-examination employed by the Committee of the Senate. Comment on the matter will be found elsewhere.

According to the figures annually compiled by the Chicago *Herald*, giving the number of accidents throughout the country due to the celebrations in connection with the Fourth of July, a record of sanity was established this year. The *Herald* placed the dead at 15, the injured at approximately 306, and the loss by fire at $124,000. The figures, except in loss by fire, compare favorably with those of last year, which were, respectively, 32, 1,131, and $122,620.

Correspondence between Col. Roosevelt and Dr. Lyman Abbott, relative to the former's resignation as contributing editor to the *Outlook*, was made public on Saturday morning. We comment elsewhere on the Colonel's statement, which indicates that considerations of high patriotism demand that he should devote his time exclusively to the political situation, and, in particular, to convincing the country of the error of President Wilson's ways. Meanwhile, as we point out in our editorial columns, it is interesting to note that the Colonel's arraignment of the foreign policy of the Administration is couched only in the most general terms. The very explicit and convincing statement on the Colombian treaty by James T. Du Bois, United States Minister to Colombia under the Taft Administration, which was published in the papers of July 2, still awaits an answer from Col. Roosevelt.

The remarkable performances of Mr. George Fred Williams, United States Minister to Greece and Montenegro, on which we commented last week, were brought to an end, so far as their official significance is concerned, by the receipt of his resignation at the State Department on Monday. In tendering his resignation, Mr. Williams seems to have ignored the fact that it had been asked for by the President. As a reason for resigning he explained that he could not comment as he would like upon the situation in Albania while under the restraints imposed by his diplomatic position.

A bomb, which, beyond any reasonable possibility of doubt, was intended for the destruction of others, exploded prematurely on Saturday morning in a flat in New York city, killing three members of an anarchistic group and a woman who lived in the rooms next to theirs. A fourth man who was in the flat at the time, and who escaped alive, has disappeared, and, at the time of writing, has not been discovered. Until the evidence of this man can be obtained, it is impossible to confirm or refute the theory held by the police that the bomb was in preparation for use on the estate of John D. Rockefeller, at Tarrytown, or definitely to establish the connection of the I. W. W. with the affair. While, however, suspending judgment until the matter shall have been more thoroughly investigated, it may not be amiss to recall to mind the flood of denials, of the same general character as those issued by the I. W. W. in the present instance, that came when the McNamara dynamite conspiracy was first exposed.

The second reading of the amending bill to the Home Rule bill was passed in the House of Lords on Monday, by a vote of 273 to 10. After the division notice was handed in of several amendments providing for the absolute exclusion of the whole of Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule act and placing the province under the jurisdiction of a Secretary of State, who shall sit in the Imperial Parliament, and whose administrative orders shall require the sanction of Parliament. A more hopeful feeling regarding the prospects of a peaceful settlement appears to prevail, but meanwhile the enlisting and arming of the Nationalist volunteers goes on. According to the London *Times*, the number of the Nationalist volunteers on July 3 was 153,000, and it was reported that 200,000 rounds of ammunition had been landed on the coast of Down on the morning of July 6.

The funeral of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg, who were assassinated on June 28, took place in Vienna on July 3. According to dispatches from Vienna, the Servian Government has been officially requested to institute an inquiry in order to fix the responsibility for the assassination, as indications are that the conspiracy was hatched in Servia.

The trouble in Albania continues, despite the good offices of Mr. George Fred Williams. A belated report arrived on July 2 that on the previous Sunday the Government troops had sustained a serious defeat at Mulkuch, just north of Durazzo, and correspondence has been interrupted on account of the cutting of wires connecting with various centres. Prince William's wife and family left Durazzo for Bucharest on Friday of last week, and reports were received on Monday that Koritsa had been captured by the insurgents.

The final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta was rowed on July 4 between two American crews, the Harvard second 'varsity and the Union Boat Club, of Boston. The former crew won by one and a half lengths, in seven minutes and twenty seconds.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Benjamin Stone, July 2; Henry Willard Denison, July 3; Dr. Nicolas Jean Baptiste Duguet, the Right Rev. John Tohill, Countess von Waldersee, July 4; Sydney Grundy, Rear-Admiral Edward P. Ashe, July 5; Frank K. M. Rehn, Mgr. Louis Albert Gaffre, Max Weyl, July 6; John A. Shields, July 7.

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The Week

The President's interview with Mr. Morgan, accompanied as it has been by intimations of coming conferences of similar nature with men representing large business interests, is one of those rather unusual occurrences which are calculated to please everybody. It must be about equally agreeable to those who have been imagining that Mr. Wilson is a deadly enemy of business, to those who have been oppressed by the belief that business is possessed with a fierce desire to destroy Mr. Wilson, and to those who, without indulging in either of these fanciful notions, have yet felt that a closer contact and better understanding between the President and Congress on the one side and leading men in the business world on the other was much to be desired. Externals count for a good deal in these matters; and it must be admitted that, even apart from externals, there has been a degree of aloofness, beween the political powers at Washington and the men who know the various phases of the country's business activities from the inside, which went beyond necessity and had unfortunate effects. The Administration, to use a homely expression, has been leaning over backwards in its desire to avoid either the reality or the appearance of undue influence by business interests, and Mr. Wilson appears to have arrived at the conclusion that the psychological moment has come for the adoption of a different posture.

There is another aspect to this question of the Executive keeping in touch with important financial leaders—that the interests of the Government itself frequently require something more than distant official aloofness. This is not the first occasion when a high officer at Washington has been confronted with fear about what the general public might suspect if he conferred directly with the money interests. The late John G. Carlisle, when Secretary of the Treasury in the troubled days of 1894, was deeply imbued with that feeling. Sharing his Western constituency's mistrust of Wall Street, he refused to meet the New York bankers for personal discussion of the Government loan through which the Treasury's gold reserve was to be restored. Under such circumstances, concerted action to insure the loan's success was impossible; the banks, which would ordinarily have conserved their own resources against a critical business situation, did not know what other assurances of subscription, if any, the Secretary had. As it happened, he had none; the loan came within twenty-four hours of failure, and was eventually floated only by an urgent eleventh-hour appeal to the New York banks. Let this be contrasted with John Sherman's policy in the Government's resumption loan of 1877. He kept himself in close personal contact with both home and foreign lenders, but dealt with each as an astute bargainer would deal. In the end, when the New York banks, in conference with the Secretary, demurred to the terms imposed, he had in his pocket an option for the floating of the loan through an international banking house, and when the banks finally said No, he accepted the Belmont-Rothschild offer, to the great chagrin of the New York financiers, whom he had beaten at their own game.

Civil-service reform is again wounded in the house of a friend through President Wilson's action in exempting from the rules the fourteen new commercial attachés. The positions were created for the purpose of aiding American trade in Europe and South America; and in the debate in the Senate and House no good reason was shown why they should not be filled by non-partisan appointment on the strength of fitness shown by examination. In fact, Congress finally voted that the places be kept under the civil service rules; but the President, by Executive order, has made them exempt—made them, that is, patronage. No doubt, there will be a show of special care in obtaining qualified men, and the whole matter will be minimized, with reaffirmations that the Administration intends to live up to the principles of civil-service reform; but the fact stands that the regular and wholesome way of doing the thing has been set aside, and the method pleasing to the spoilsmen adopted. It is probable that the President's private explanation will be that, in order to do a great good, he consented to a little wrong. With his heart set on a big legislative programme, he has to facilitate it by throwing sops to Congressmen and party leaders. This is what is always said, and we presume that it will be said in Mr. Wilson's behalf. Very well; let it be said openly. Let there be none of the familiar whisperings that if we only knew what a burden the President had to carry, we should pardon him these occasional lapses. If that is a sound reason for departing from the civil-service rules, let it be stated frankly, so that the public may judge of it.

Two of Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Bryan's diplomatic chickens have now come home to roost, George Fred Williams and James M. Sullivan. The latter, now Minister to Santo Domingo, has not yet left the service, but is returning "ill." It has been an open secret that an agent of the State Department has been sojourning in Santo Domingo since some of Mr. Sullivan's letters to certain contractor and political friends in New York, telling them that "the going was good" in Santo Domingo, found their way into print. Mr. Bryan's excuse for declining to appoint a colored man to this position, according to historic precedent, was that the situation called for special fitness and tact; and so Mr. Sullivan—known to fame chiefly as "Jack" Rose's counsel in the Becker case—was selected. Of course, of special fitness he had none, any more than have the new Ambassadors to Russia and France. They are doubtless estimable gentlemen, but diplomatic experience they wholly lack. When one thinks of the many able and trained diplomats Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson have turned out, and the calibre of many of the men substituted, it is undeniable that Mr. Roosevelt has effective ammunition here for his promised attack on Mr. Wilson's foreign policy; for our standing abroad has plainly been hurt by some of the representatives who have found their way to our legations, despite such excellent selections as those of Mr. Guthrie, Walter H. Page, Dr. Van Dyke, and Professor Reinsch.

Whatever the final fate of the Raker Immigration bill, there is strong protest against its restrictions upon Orientals coming here to study. "In our judgment," have telegraphed seven deans of the University of Iowa, "the legislation will make the entrance of Hindu students into America unduly difficult." Fourteen professors of the University of California characterize it as "unprecedented, unjust, and quite uncalled for," and as calculated to "result in the exclusion of many desirable students." Objection is not to the requirement of an English Government certificate, approved by our diplomatic agent, and subject to investigation in this country, or to vexing stipulations as to port of entry. It centres upon the provision that only students with means sufficient for maintenance may enter, thus excluding many poor but deserving who would depend on partial self-support. A considerable fraction of those now here would have been barred by such regulation; and it would lessen an influx which has lately

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promised to become comparable with that from Japan and China.

Mr. Paul M. Warburg's withdrawal of his name from consideration by the Senate, if his decision is final, will be a grievous blow to the whole Federal Reserve Board undertaking. No single man in this country did more to bring about this great currency reform than did Mr. Warburg, and no one else has, along certain lines, quite his competency. Few if any other men in this country so understand the international credit market as does Mr. Warburg; it was to him that the banking world looked to establish such a credit market here. We do not blame Mr. Warburg in the least for refusing to submit to the cross-examination to which Mr. Jones was subjected on Monday. He has been only a private banker; but his peculiar fitness is known of all men, as well as his unblemished honor and integrity. The sacrifice he was making in giving up a long-established and immensely profitable business partnership, especially attractive because of the family relationships involved, seemed to us a rarely patriotic act. But to men of the type of Bristow and La Follette the unpardonable sin is to have done business in Wall Street, and so they would make Mr. Warburg's unequalled knowledge and experience not available for the Government.

The latest figures of Government receipts for the fiscal year show that instead of the expected deficit of $5,000,000—with the Panama Canal expenditures provided for—there will virtually be a surplus. To Republican Leader Mann and his followers this may be a calamity, but only to them. On the face of the figures, there is a deficit of somewhat more than $1,000,000; but income and corporation taxes still being held back under the provision of ten days' grace allowed after June 30 are estimated to reach $3,500,000; and these, although they will appear as receipts for the fiscal year of 1914-15, really belong to the year just closed. The uncertainty in estimating the effect of changes in taxation is prettily illustrated by the fact that the income and corporation tax, of which so much was hoped, fell short of expectations, although not so far short as was at first feared, while the tariff yielded a score of millions above the estimate. The revenue outlook for the coming year, when the income tax will be in full operation—that is, operating twelve months, instead of ten in its normal and three in its supertax provisions—does not afford opponents of the Administration anything in the way of an issue for the November elections.

Col. Roosevelt's Pittsburgh speech is variously described as "reactionary" and "radical"; as a "plea for harmony," and also as a declaration of war to the knife. This is a tribute to his versatility. But the question presses, What does the speech signify for the Progressive party? Mr. Roosevelt is its leader as he was its sole begetter and has been its monopolistic owner. Where is he leading it now? Frankly, into a blind alley. His address is divided into two main parts. One is his high protectionist and prosperity argument. But this brings him squarely against the wall on the other side of which are the Republican hosts. If any party is to profit by ringing the changes on the ruinous effects of a low tariff, it is the Republican, not the Progressive. For the latter there is no exit along the standpat tariff road that Roosevelt again seeks to tread. The other main section of his speech consists of attacks on the Democratic Trust legislation. But in the very act he is compelled to approve—as the Progressives in the House by their votes approved—the chief features of the Wilson bills, while his dissent from some of their safeguards is so couched as to make business men more afraid of him than they are of Wilson, and will have the effect of hastening the passage of the measures themselves. All this water flows to the Democratic mill. Thus the entire speech seems to bear out the view of the Progressive party as an essentially divisive and destructive organization. It goes against now one party, now the other, but accomplishes nothing itself; the question always being to which one, in any given electoral contest, it shall prove the greater asset.

Senator Penrose's warning gun is hardly likely to alarm the garrison at Oyster Bay. The once valued ally had every motive for opening his ammunition chest in the exchange of shots two years ago, and he has nothing to gain by waiting and threatening what he will do if he is attacked again. Besides, suppose he should publish letters that the Colonel would rather not have see the light. Does he not know in advance what would happen? He would simply come in for a vigorous denunciation, and an enlightened people would be called upon to say whether an unscrupulous boss and a hopeless reactionary was entitled to the slightest consideration. The ground would be shifted from a field where a fight might be dangerous to one where the Senator would be without defence. And to think how easily the old association might have been preserved! All that would have been necessary was for the Senator to allow himself to be inoculated with the Progressive virus that made a new man out of William Flinn. He might have gone on holding Pennsylvania in the hollow of his hand; he might have remained a reactionary on the tariff and anything else that he chose. Just a changing of the banner behind which he marched, and he would have been eligible for a continuance of his honors, besides saving himself no end of abuse.

The bill passed by the House of Representatives last week, providing for the regulation of dealing in "cotton futures," is highly technical. It has had, apparently, two purposes—one, which is entirely legitimate, to standardize the grades of cotton dealt in, so as to maintain a fair relation between the actual "spot price" and the price for future delivery, the other, much less respectable and not entertained by all the advocates of the bill, to cripple the New York Cotton Exchange. The New York cotton trade itself admits that certain serious abuses have existed in the Exchange's methods for conducting speculation, and these are corrected by the Lever bill. The fixing of the grades is entrusted to the Department of Agriculture, which is also to designate the official "spot markets"; the grades are enumerated in general terms by the bill itself. Transactions in cotton which do not conform to the stipulations are to be taxed one cent a pound—a prohibitory tax.

Mr. Root's unqualified determination to retire from the Senate upon the close of his term next March will be received with sincere and profound regret in all parts of the country, and among men of all shades of political opinion. Ability such as his, devoted as it has been for the past fifteen years to the highest tasks of national government, is too rare and too valuable to the country to permit the appreciation of it to be limited either by sectional or by party lines. As Secretary of War under President McKinley, he did a great work in the reorganization of army methods; as Secretary of State under President Roosevelt, he was directly and personally instrumental in bringing about a great advance in our relations with the South American Republics; in the Senate, he has done more than any other man during the term of his service to maintain the high traditions of that body. His retire-

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ment will be a heavy loss to the public life of our country, nor does there seem to be on the horizon anybody who will fill his place.

Announcement that the National City Bank, of New York, is to open branches in Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro is as marked an index of our expanding South American interest as the recent activities of the Department of Commerce and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. We are simply late in following the example of institutions like the Crédit Lyonnais and the London City and Midland. It is explained that the choice of the new field was dictated by the wide conviction of American exporters and manufacturers that none was more promising. There has been, moreover, repeated evidence from South America of a desire for branches of our banks. They should help the investment of American capital in countries whose economic development is certain to be one of the largest achievements of the twentieth century. By the information they can supply, they should be a useful supplement to the consular service. Already the National City Bank announces plans for "the gathering and distribution of information regarding trade opportunities abroad." There is no reason why other banking institutions should not do likewise, under the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act.

Both Georgia and South Carolina are very much stirred up over their backwardness in the matter of compulsory education. "It is shameful," says the Atlanta *Journal*, "that Georgia should be one of the only six States which have not vouchsafed this right and protection to children; it is shameful that she should stand among the illiterate States of the Union, when her wealth and ideals entitle her to rank among the most broadly educated." That paper quotes with cordial approval the strong language of the State Superintendent of Schools on the subject, and especially his reply to the "outworn argument" that compulsory education abridges the rights of parents. The parent, says Superintendent Brittain, "has no more right to maim a child mentally than physically." In South Carolina the Columbia *State* vigorously urges a compulsory school attendance law, and in that connection declares that by exempting the whites from the education or property requirement applying to negroes as a condition for the elective franchise, "we are taking from the illiterate whites the principal incentive that would cause them to learn to read and write." It can hardly be long before both these States will have joined the forty-two others in which elementary schooling is recognized as essential for every child within their borders.

MOBILE, Ala., July 2.—Fifty years for stealing fifty cents, is the sentence which a Hale County, Alabama, jury imposed on Frank Williams, a negro, who, in 1894, robbed another negro of half a dollar. After serving more than twenty years of the fifty-year sentence, Williams has been paroled by Gov. O'Neal, the Governor extending clemency to the negro last night.

As this Associated Press dispatch has been printed throughout the country, we trust that Gov. O'Neal will see the desirability of making public some further information on the subject. There must be some explanation of the terrible punishment imposed on this negro; for, many as are the injustices to which members of his race are subjected in the South, such inhumanity as this story, taken at its face value, would indicate, is incredible. But whatever the fact may be—whether there were or were not circumstances connected with the crime which may account for the appalling sentence—it is due both to the State of Alabama and to the feelings of humane people throughout the country, South as well as North, that the whole truth about the case be made known.

The Crescent City, whose mortality rate in 1900 was the highest of any of our larger cities, has done much to dissipate her old notoriety for unhealthiness; but the slogan, "New Orleans the cleanest city in America," has still a strange ring. It is inspired, of course, by the recent bubonic-plague scare. With the credit of the State behind the city for any sum up to $150,000, and with citizens' organizations formed in every section to clean streets, burn garbage, kill vermin, and disinfect suspicious localities, it is to be hoped she may come as near realizing her ambition as natural disadvantages permit. Her sewerage and street paving still leave much to be desired, but there is no reason why the celebration next year of a decade since the last yellow-fever epidemic should not see the city as sanitary as any that is situated on low ground in a hot climate. There is pleasing evidence that in one respect the campaign has already produced results. Colored civic leagues are being formed in each precinct to bring the negro sections up to the general standard of cleanliness; and attention has been called to the fact that in many of them garbage collection and similar measures of hygienic importance have been utterly neglected by the white rulers of the city.

With a total of thirty-six referendum measures pending in Oregon, and, in the words of the Portland *Oregonian*, "the end not yet in sight," public sentiment is for another "when-in-doubt-vote-no" campaign. In 1904, two measures were offered; in 1906, eight; in 1908, sixteen; in 1910, thirty-two; in 1912, thirty-seven. This year's extreme congestion of the ballot shows that the remedy is not likely to be automatic. The *National Municipal Review's* recent survey of the Oregon system admitted the cumbering of the ballot by self-seekers and fanatics, but held that the trouble was in a fair way to cure itself. "The increasing reluctance of thoughtful voters to sign petitions, and the very uncertain reward for the labor and expense necessary to get a bill on the ballot, operate as a pretty strong deterrent, while, furthermore, nothing so perfectly squelches foolish agitation as a huge majority against it." Nearly all of the 1910 and 1912 bills were crushed, but the 1914 roster is not lessened. Within a few years the number of initiative and referendum States has risen to eighteen. While Massachusetts was barely able to muster the one-third vote necessary to defeat an amendment carrying the innovations, it is confidently expected that North Dakota and Wisconsin will adopt them this autumn. An obvious argument against them is the extraordinary labor put upon the voters by the submission of a large number of questions at a single election.

The German Emperor has been having a little canal dedication of his own, which, if not so impressive as that to come at Panama, is none the less of vast importance to his empire. Some days ago he formally opened the new Berlin-Stettin waterway for 600-ton barges. It is an enlargement of an old eighty-mile canal, at a cost of twelve and a half million dollars, which was thus put into service; and its especial significance is that it is a first link in a waterway which will cross the entire German Empire from east to west. By skilful utilization of various rivers and existing small canals, boats will at some time hereafter be able to go not only from Stettin to Berlin, but from Berlin straight across to the Rhine, passing through some of the most important manufacturing districts in Germany.

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ROOSEVELT AND WILSON.

In severing his connection with the *Outlook*—so that, as it were, the feather in his hat in the ring may no longer be mistaken for a quill pen—Col. Roosevelt makes a confession of failure. He had striven with might and main to keep out of "active politics," but finds himself unable to do so. His hope had been, on retiring from the Presidency, to be "a man entirely removed" from political struggles. But here he discovers himself, to his own surprise, forced back into them. But the really surprising thing is that he should ever have dreamed it possible to keep out. No man ever had the political instinct stronger than Theodore Roosevelt. It has been said of him that if he could not be making and unmaking Presidents and Governors and Senators, he would throw himself with equal zest into a contest over the nomination of Town Clerk at Oyster Bay. With him politics is not only second nature but first nature. He is the living embodiment of the definition of man as a political animal. And if he himself thought that he was going to retire and be a "sage," those who had long and closely observed him did not imagine it for an instant. They saw three years ago the same purpose in him as that he now admits—we refer to his announcement, on his return from Africa, June 18, 1910: "I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities."

Whatever it may have been in the past which compelled the Colonel to emerge from his preferred still air of delightful studies, to-day his motive is avowed. He must gird himself to go out and smite President Wilson. "I am in honor bound to stand in strong opposition to the Administration." The reason is that "as regards our international relations the policy of the present Administration has meant the abandonment of the interest and honor of America."

This is roundly asserted, but no specifications are given. Mr. Roosevelt can hardly expect the country to take his word for it. He declared at Pittsburgh last week that Wilson's foreign policy had been "wretched," but still no proofs. He has, indeed, since his latest return had something specific to say about one item—the proposed treaty with Colombia. This Mr. Roosevelt gently calls the payment of "blackmail." The treaty proposes to pay $25,000,000; but Mr. Roosevelt himself, when President, offered to pay $2,500,000. It will be necessary for him, therefore, to explain to the people where the blackmail begins. Is it at the fifth million? President Roosevelt's own Secretary of State, Mr. Root, admitted that Colombia had been injured, or, at least, had had her rights and contracts impaired by the United States. Is it a manly and vigorous foreign policy for Secretary Root to take this position, but traitorous grovelling for Secretary Bryan to do it? On both these points—the proffered payment of money to Colombia in 1909 and in 1914, and the grounds assigned—we are entitled to hear further from Mr. Roosevelt. It is not enough for him contemptuously to assert that President Wilson is a poor-spirited betrayer of the nation: he must show wherein.

It is probably about the Colombian treaty that the Colonel feels most indignant. That is a sore spot with him, and it enrages him to have it touched. But there are two other matters touching the conduct of foreign relations by President Wilson which presumably inflame Mr. Roosevelt. One of them is the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause of the Panama Act. The other is the course pursued towards Mexico. In both we shall probably hear Col. Roosevelt declaiming that the interest and honor of America have been trailed in the dust. But it happens that, on the very day when Mr. Roosevelt was declaring war upon the contemptible foreign policy of President Wilson, it was receiving high and significant praise. In London, Lord Bryce attended the Fourth of July celebration at the American Embassy, and spoke in the warmest way of President Wilson's course in urging the repeal of the free-tolls clause. He said that it was an exhibition, not only of international good faith, but of the highest personal courage. Now, Lord Bryce knows what political courage is, for he has had the privilege of watching Theodore Roosevelt at close range. He also knows and loves the United States. The question is, therefore, whether Mr. Roosevelt will now resent Lord Bryce's praise. Would he have it otherwise? Would he prefer to have our nation disliked and hated rather than approved and honored?

The Mayor of Havana says that the policy of President Wilson has made the American flag to-day everywhere throughout South America the symbol of friendship and help. Does Col. Roosevelt think this all wrong? He will have to go into particulars when he sallies forth to wage his remorseless warfare upon Wilson. If he denounces the Administration's Mexican policy, he must be prepared to answer the question what his own policy would have been. Mr. Roosevelt has, in his time, expressed his scorn of the carping critics who rail at the strong man doing things. He must see that he himself is in danger of falling into that once hated rôle, unless he makes his attack upon Wilson very explicit, and is prepared to show that he would have had an alternative policy, at once clear, constructive, and infallibly successful.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

It was a long and pathetic twilight of great powers upon which the night has just fallen in the death of Joseph Chamberlain. His almost complete disablement physically, during the past five or six years, and the consequent relaxing of his mental grasp, with rarer and rarer coming to public notice, were rapidly making the man, even while alive, a tradition. If the dead go quickly, so do men once prominent on the stage of great affairs, but condemned to years of painful invalidism in retirement. So that it is almost necessary to remind people to-day of the extraordinary political force which long resided in the dynamic personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

His career has to be taken as a whole. During his lifetime he was often taunted with the fact that he began as an extreme radical, who even preached the doctrine of "ransom" by the wealthy classes, and ended as a conservative petted by dukes and the landed squirarchy. But this kind of political recrimination is best dropped when the time comes to see a public man in his habit as he lived. He has a right to change. The change in Joseph Chamberlain was hardly more striking than that in John Bright. Neither is lightly to be accused of insincerity; certainly not of abandoning convictions in order to profit thereby. For English Liberals to persist in calling Mr. Chamberlain a renegade, who left them just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, would be to align themselves in historic judgment with the Conservatives who reproach Gladstone with having forsaken his early stern and unbending Toryism, purely out of lust for office. This sort of personal twitting and retort does not forward real knowledge of a public man's development. What we have to do is to study dispassionately the phases through which he passed, and to form our opinion of him by the qualities which clung to him through them all.

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Seeking in this spirit to shape an estimate of Joseph Chamberlain, we find ourselves compelled to recognize the tremendous energy of the man. From young manhood on, he made himself felt as a power in whatever circle he touched. He had not the fascinating talent, but was surcharged with the driving quality. His lucid intellect was backed by a resolute will; and he had that ineffable thing which we call personal dominance. The net result was an application of pure individual force to political life in England such as was almost without a parallel in his lifetime. Mr. Chamberlain was the living refutation of those theorists who would reduce all political movement to the interaction of blind and impersonal forces. There are, indeed, times when the individual appears to wither; but there are also times when there seems to be nothing in sight but some one outstanding personality, whose stark vigor moulds and subdues everything. The great illustration of this in Mr. Chamberlain's case was, of course, his remarkable feat of inducing the Conservative party—at least, its leaders and voting strength—to throw over its professions for two generations and take up with protectionist doctrine. Of this astonishing performance, Mr. Chamberlain could have truthfully said, "Alone I did it." Others aided him, after he had dragged them unwilling in his train, but the idea was his own, the fight was his own, and the triumph, such as it was, no one could dispute with him. As we look back on the matter now, this whole party campaign looks like a huge mistake. Most Conservatives admit, in their franker moments, that their abandonment of free trade, at Chamberlain's imperious behest, was a main cause of their exclusion from power in 1906. But the final story might have been different if Chamberlain's crippling malady had not smitten him shortly after that defeat. Had he been able to go on in full strength, it is not impossible that he could have snatched victory later. It is idle to speculate about this. But it is not at all idle to point out that, in spite of all our writers on the philosophy of history, who incline more and more to rule out the individual, it yet remains true that in the political world there is nothing so vibrant and compelling as a man.

Apart from the fiscal controversy just referred to, Joseph Chamberlain's political career touched its high points in connection with the Irish Home Rule struggle and the South African war. As regards the former, it is a mistake to think of Chamberlain as a bitter enemy of Irish local government. The Irish Nationalists themselves, Parnell himself, long had high hopes of Mr. Chamberlain. They were more drawn to him at one time than to Mr. Gladstone. They felt that they could do business with the business man from Birmingham. Barry O'Brien's Life of Parnell shows how near to getting down to business Chamberlain was; and the letters which were published, we assume with the permission of Mr. Chamberlain, in the recent Life of Henry Labouchere, prove that it was for many weeks touch and go whether Mr. Chamberlain could be got to stay in the Liberal party and work for some form of Irish Home Rule. Throughout the Boer War he endured the early reverses with courage and firmness, and was able to help England "flounder through" to a success which we suppose that he, in common with Mr. Balfour, would have said was frittered away by that great constructive act of British statesmanship, the formation of the South African Union.

As a speaker, Joseph Chamberlain was a modern of the moderns. All rhetorical ornament and mere flourishes he religiously eschewed, and used a clear directness and incisiveness which seemed the very incarnation of the business mind devoting itself to affairs of state. He was an excellent House of Commons man, in being able to think on his legs. Formidable in attack, he was terrific in rejoinder. Yet he was able, as in the dark days of the Boer War, to rise to a fine dignity of manly utterance. It will be long before England looks upon his like again.

THE LATEST CRIMINALIST FAD.

In various parts of the country, startling discoveries are being made about the connection between crime and mental defectiveness. Startling as they are, however, they seem to be accepted by the authorities with a simple and unquestioning faith that speaks volumes for their innocent trust in whatever is put forward in the name of science by persons claiming to be experts. One of the latest of these manifestations we find detailed in the Kansas City *Star*, which tells of the examination that has been made of all the men confined in the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing. "This scientific examination," we are informed, "is developing the startling fact that 80 per cent. of the men within the stone walls at Lansing have the mentality of little boys—of boys from six to twelve years old." The analysis is "based on a revision of the Binet-Simon system for measuring the intelligence of children," and so conclusive are its results that "the prison may know its convict with an accuracy approaching that knowledge of a building that is expressed in the blue-prints of the architects." If this be so, there can be no doubt that four out of every five convicts in the Kansas Penitentiary have the mentality of boys from six to twelve years old; and since they number several hundred, it must be safe to conclude that a similar proportion holds for convicts in general. And, sure enough, we get a result of the same kind from Chicago. There the psychopathic laboratory organized in connection with the Municipal Court has been examining 245 criminal youths, of an age averaging nearly nineteen, and finds that 85 per cent. of them were cases of arrested development, corresponding to an average age of eleven. Something similar came a few weeks ago from the same centre of sociological activity, in relation to disorderly women. The Binet tests are all the rage, and the 80 per cent. proportion of "boy-men" among its criminals will doubtless soon be recognized as an indispensable part of the equipment of every progressive community.

That two and two is five, said a somewhat tough-minded man, you may possibly be able to persuade me; but that two and two is seventeen, all the tortures in the world will not make me admit. If these enthusiastic believers in the scientific finality of the Binet tests were telling us that 30 per cent., or 40 per cent., of the prisoners show this gross mental deficiency, the statement might pass without special challenge. But it is absurd to imagine that, in any real sense, nearly all convicts—four convicts out of five—are to be regarded as upon the same level mentally as little children between six and twelve years old. If this had been true in any sense having a real bearing upon life, it would have been discovered hundreds of years ago; it would have been matter of common knowledge among policemen, and lawyers, and judges. These people could not have gone on year after year, generation after generation, coming into the closest contact with thousands and thousands of criminals, and not become aware—if it was a fact—that nearly all of them are mere children. And this is all the more certain from the fact that there is, of course, nothing new in the idea that among criminals there is a larger proportion of persons of defective intelligence than there is in the general population. The matter has been the subject of much discussion and study; and many per-

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sons whose business it is to deal with criminals would have had their attention turned to it on this account, even if it did not spontaneously thrust itself upon their notice.

Upon the actual relation between defective intelligence and crime, there is a great deal of difference of opinion among persons who have made a real study of the question; but nowhere, by such persons, is any estimate made even distantly approaching the conclusions arrived at by the machine-made methods of these Kansas and Chicago enthusiasts. Dr. Goring, in his comprehensive work on "The English Convict," regards 20 per cent. as "a maximum estimate" of the number of convicts that are mentally defective; and, in classifying the 948 convicts as intelligent, fairly intelligent, unintelligent, weak-minded, and imbecile, he finds that 65 per cent. belong to the first two categories, leaving only 35 per cent. for all grades of mental inferiority. But Dr. Goring, and other authorities who have arrived at similar results, make use of their minds to get at the realities of the case; they do not abdicate their intelligence in favor of the latest mechanical device of the psychologists, and accept its deliverance as the last word of human wisdom. A recent German writer, Dr. Max Kauffmann, in his valuable book on "The Psychology of Crime," expresses very great doubt of there being any deficiency of intellect at all among those who commit most classes of crime; and he gives some extremely cogent reasons for suspecting the trustworthiness of results derived from the examination of criminals, even upon the assumption that the scope of the examination is all that could be desired.

Precisely what questions were put to the Kansas prisoners, upon the Binet plan, we cannot say. A number of them are reproduced in the Kansas City *Star's* article, but they may not be a fair sample of the whole. Many of those given, at all events, are of such a nature as to be utterly useless as a test of the intelligence of any convict who is not plainly and obviously feeble-minded. To mark the longest word in "It rained yesterday" may be a good test for a child of six, but no grown man can possibly fail to be *able* to answer the question correctly unless he is a plain imbecile; and if he *does* fail, it is either because he chooses to answer wrong, or because he has paid no attention to the question, or for some similar reason. A little doubt of the infallible perfection of these tests might be infused into the minds of these sanguine scientists by considering the fact that, on the first introduction of the Australian ballot, distinguished lawyers and other eminent citizens have been notoriously among those who were most apt to spoil their ballots by improper marking, and who complained most about the difficulty of managing it. This whole matter of settling the question of the mental qualities of criminals by means of the Binet tests has been aptly characterized by one of the most earnest students of prison problems as a case of "get-rich-quick" methods applied to the handling of a problem which demands patience and skill, and to whose solution there is no royal road. One might suppose that the swift rise and swifter decline of the Lombroso theory of "the criminal type" would have taught a lesson of caution if not of wisdom. A dozen or twenty years ago, anybody who did not swear by Lombroso was a pitiful "back number"; to-day what is more hopelessly in the back-number class than Lombroso and his "criminal type"?

THE ABSORPTION OF THE INDIAN.

Last week occurred an event which, picturesquely celebrated at Muskogee and Tulsa, Oklahoma, may be regarded as a landmark in the record of our Indian relations: the Cherokee Nation dissolving tribal relationships. Since the war in the Carolinas a decade before the Revolution, the Cherokees have been peaceful, industrious, and more and more civilized. These 41,000 Indians hold nearly 5,000,000 acres. One of their blood sits in the Senate; they have long maintained a constitutional government and native newspapers; and they have produced more teachers than all the other tribes combined. Their chief title to notice has, perhaps, been in the alphabet invented by Sequoyah ninety years ago, and its effect on their development. Readers of "The Gilded Age" will remember the frequent proverbs in this unique charactery which Mark Twain included among his polyglot chapter headings. With the end of the Nation comes the announcement that Oklahoma will commemorate Sequoyah in Statuary Hall at Washington.

This is the first large achievement of the Government in its policy of bringing about the cessation of all tribes as individual entities—the policy worthy of the name it has had. The Cherokees were the last of the Five Nations to enter into a treaty to that end; and the record of the contentious lawsuits involved in completing the transaction is, with the tragic history of their early deportation, an epitome of much of the injustice of the United States towards its wards. The other Nations, Creek and Chickasaw, Seminole and Choctaw, which suffered equally from an "independence" in Indian Territory that attracted every outlaw in the Southwest, can rejoice that they also will shortly pass. It was the greed of Georgia for gold discovered on native lands which drove the Cherokees, in spite of the Supreme Court, on a march that cost thousands of lives. Little by little, after the Civil War, they were forced to part with their holdings, the most important sale being of the 8,000,000-acre Cherokee Outlet to the United States in 1892, for $1 an acre and a settlement of long-standing charges for the cost of their removal westward in the 'thirties. This settlement, through Congressional delay, dragged for thirteen years, when the Court of Claims found the United States liable for $4,500,000; and litigation between various branches of the Indians, and over huge fees charged by white lawyers, has lasted until a few months ago. The clearing up of their affairs and the conversion of all tribal property into cash to be distributed, thus sees a measure of final justice done a people that once claimed a vast empire. It is a first goal reached on the road marked out when, in 1887, Congress, abandoning the wretched reservation idea, enacted the Land Allotment law, authorizing the division of Indian lands into individual allotments, each to be held in Government trust until an allottee was felt competent to receive full letters patent. Such patents, carrying citizenship, have been issued to each member of the tribe.

In spite, however, of the great recent strides made by the United States, there is still no absolute guarantee that other unassimilated tribes could not parallel the Cherokee experience. If Congress decides that a certain tract of land is needed for the influx of white immigration, it has only to enact a law enabling the proper executive officers to take possession. Actually, it fixes a certain price to be paid the Indians, but such action is bounded by no maximum nor minimum. "Even where a distinct contract has been entered into," as ex-Commissioner Francis E. Leupp has just pointed out, "for the payment of so much money for the relinquishment of so much land, there is no way of compelling the Government to live up to its agreement against its will. A tribe cannot carry such a case into court unless Congress gives it permission to do so; and when permission has been granted and the tribe has carried its claim all the way from the lowest to the highest court and received

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a final award for the full amount it demanded, Congress has still to appropriate the money to satisfy the judgment." Only the other day we noted an attempt to correct an old injury suffered by the Pima Indians. A more flagrant example is of certain California Indians who signed away their homes on the understanding that the Government was to provide them with others, but who were left wandering and homeless for a generation. "No power," as Mr. Leupp concludes, "can compel the settlement of a debt, or the performance of a pledge, from the Government to the Indians, except a sensitive public conscience."

What is obviously required is a more concentrated responsibility. In larger affairs it is at present diffused through the whole executive, legislative, and judicial machinery; in smaller, there are the most vexatious conflicts of authority. Attention has been forcibly called to the fact that the Secretary of the Interior is forbidden to distribute funds if the Indians have access to intoxicants; but it is the Secretary of War who is empowered to grant or refuse permits to carry liquor into the Indian country; while the expulsion of persons detrimental to the peace of the Indians devolves upon the Commissioner. Again, the Indian Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior have separate inspectors, and those of the latter officer are to keep him informed of the conduct of the Commissioner himself. A potent cause of trouble is the antiquated body of statutes touching Indian affairs. There is now not a duty which can safely be undertaken without first running back through the records to see whether it is assigned the President, his Cabinet officers, or some subordinate.

THE REVOLT AGAINST GOLF.

We suppose it was bound to come. Signs of discontent with him have been noted for some time by the golfer wary enough to keep his eye on popular sentiment as well as on the ball. But in his most apprehensive mood he could scarcely have expected such an attack upon his favorite game as has lately broken out in England—of all places! One rash man gave the signal, and a whole volley of reviling was fired in the press. Men who had evidently been long cherishing grievances freed their bosoms of much perilous stuff. In order that our golfing readers may know the worst that can be said about them, we will cite a few of the railing accusations. Golf is no true sport; it is, rather, "the incarnation of slow-footed egotism." It is a game for selfish old men; a death-blow to real team play and *esprit de corps*. Moreover, as an Irishman writes to the London *Times*, "golf is a dull but difficult game which exercises an enormous fascination on thousands of dull-witted people." That is the great reason it is so popular in England. In that country the population is "dense," and "even dull people must try to amuse themselves somehow." The English "hate work," so "why not let them play golf?"

This may be set down to malice of race, but what answer is to be made to the charge that golfers make of their game "an inordinate religion"? Those who play it are said to be filled with a gloomy fanaticism which drives them to seek to make proselytes of non-golfers. "If the golf creed had arisen in the sixteenth century, instead of the nineteenth, an Inquisition would have been set up in every parish, and an *auto da fé* would have blazed on every green." This seems bad enough, but there is worse to come. Let every golfer who confesses to middle age consider the following indictment:

> The economic objection to golf is that it keeps alive so many people who would be better dead. Our great captains of industry reach their grand climacteric after about twenty-five years of strenuous activity. Thereafter they decline according to their temperaments along one of two main lines.
>
> Either they paralyze their businesses with an excessive caution or else they burst them up through megalomania. And as regards their family life, they are apt either to break out in unexpected scandals, or to blast the innocent happiness of their households under a rigid "Grundyism." The hopes of such men, up to now, have been in syncope or softening of the brain, and these are precisely the kind of complaints which golf in most cases is able to avert. But as golf is quite unable to restore judgment, nerve, sense of proportion, promptitude, and the other business virtues, the net result is merely to maintain in malignant activity evils which otherwise would have been mercifully quenched in a bath chair or in the tomb.

This diatribe recalls a passage in Mr. Gretton's history of modern England. It is the one remarking that along about 1890, most leisured Englishmen between fifty and sixty would have been seen sitting in club windows, sipping brandy and soda, and exchanging melancholy observations on British decadence. But in 1910, nearly all of that class of men would be out playing golf and trying to understand the slang of their grandchildren.

Naturally, the confirmed golfer, conscious of his own rectitude, will listen to all these harsh accusations with mingled wonder and pity. What an accumulation of venom is being discharged! What unsuspected stores of wrath and all uncharitableness are thus revealed in his fellow-mortals! Golfers always knew that they were envied; but they never dreamed that they could be so disliked and even hated. This staggering fact, however, ought to put them to searching their own hearts and scrutinizing their own conduct. Are they wholly without blame? Have they never given provocation to these angry outcries? One shrinks from even hesitating a fault, but is it not possible that too many have not been content to play golf, but have insisted upon talking it, whether men would hear or forbear? This would make the real complaint against, not golf, but golfers. And we think it must be admitted that, as a class, they offend by endlessly fighting over again their battles on the links. We know what is thought socially of men who are forever talking shop. But is forever talking golf any less an offence? Should not the golfer who is simply burning to explain how he missed that short putt at the fourteenth hole—it was all because a crow, in a tree a quarter of a mile away, cawed at the critical moment—wait until he finds a kindred soul into whose ear to pour his sad tale, and not try to teach in song to everybody what he has learned in sorrow?

After all, the great lesson for devotees of golf to derive from all this outburst against it is to fall back upon the philosophy which they are never tired of boasting that the game teaches. Let them take their present-day verbal drubbing in the same spirit of resignation with which they accept defeat, 5 up and 4 to play. It is pleasant to be admired and petted, but still it is possible to go through life, when supported by an unfaltering trust in golf, unloved. Even before the torrent of abuse now beating upon them, golfers should bear up. Let them cultivate a little more lightness of spirit, as well as greater care lest they offend by their golfing walk and conversation. They might perhaps be got to admit, if they gave their full mind to the matter, that their favorite game is not the whole serious business of a devoted life, but only a very valuable and highly enjoyable incidental relaxation. The golfer off the links might be wise to observe some of the rules that he knows are essential on them. If modest quiet and humility are good for one's game, they may also be for the opinion of the game formed by friends and neighbors. "Above all, don't press!" Exactly; don't press your enthusiasms and your absorptions too insistently upon a world that betrays signs of restiveness.

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Foreign Correspondence

GERMAN JINGOISM—THE INTERVIEW WITH "AN AMBASSADOR" — THE FLOODS IN PARIS—TRACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

PARIS, June 26.

The opinion of "An Ambassador" on Jingo politics in Germany has made a profound impression in France. This is not because the publication in the somewhat authoritative *Lokal-Anzeiger* of Berlin gave the idea that it represented an interview with the British Ambassador, the judicious and experienced Sir W. E. Goschen. It really gives the views of the more conservative minds, least given to alarms among those who watch the international attitude of Germany. It must not be thought that the "war scare" felt by Frenchmen has disappeared. It still lies at the bottom of much financial uncertainty which is weighing on all the world's markets. Not only in justice and fair play towards France, but for sake of the world's peace, it is to be hoped that such calm and serious judgments on the dangers of the present situation will be duly weighed.

"Certainly," says the Ambassador, whoever he may be, "we do not doubt the peaceful dispositions of the German Government—but we fear circumstances that may force it to abandon its peaceful dispositions.

"Such international circumstances," he went on to explain, "are the unstable condition of the Balkan states and the uncertain future of the Dual (Austro-Hungarian) Monarchy, with all their complicated problems; the necessity of German industry to find new outputs abroad, and the disproportion between the desire to expand of Germany, with its constantly increasing population, and the growing inability of the world to satisfy this desire and need, particularly now that the world's field of activity is becoming narrower as it becomes more occupied.

"Mere love of peace cannot be sufficient to solve such problems. Add to this that the Governments of the Triple Entente cannot have the same confidence in the German people which they have in the German Government. Jingoism has made indisputable progress in the German population. I am convinced that there exists among the German people a latent Jingoism which is much more dangerous than that of England, Russia, or France. German Jingoism recruits its partisans in the highest classes of the nation, nobility, clergy, army and navy, university and gymnasium professors and students, and the entire scholastic world."

The Ambassador explained this by the press campaigns whose echoes keep France in constant apprehension, not to speak of the continual parades of associations of veterans and patriotic societies.

"Everywhere, among the cultivated classes, it is made a dogma in Germany that the German Empire does not take its proper part in world-politics," he says. "Everywhere the great organs of public opinion spread the dangerous and irritating doctrine that German prestige is going down. And so patriots clamor for action."

The Ambassador insisted on a side of the internal situation of Germany which has already excited uneasiness in France. The political evolution of France and England has reached something like stability, for even their Socialists can hardly expect to make any great constitutional changes; and Russia is barely beginning her evolution. But Germany is in the first heat of revolt against the old order—and the directing, possessing, privileged classes are already aroused to resistance. "Such a struggle," he adds, "is not calculated to lessen the feelings of German Nationalists, who might well seek a foreign diversion for their activity."

The Berlin paper which has had the courage to publish this interview replies moodily:

"The affair of Morocco is not forgotten in Germany, and we are resolved to prevent a repetition of it." The Pan-Germanistic *Post* adds: "If our necessary spread is shut off, we shall be forced to draw the sword and—Bad luck to the conquered!"

The old song, "Troy town's falling down," fairly expresses the feeling of some of us after the recent record-beating rain-storm. Without pretending that I was there all the while, I may say that two of the street squares which caved in with such loss of life are on my usual route homeward in the late afternoon; and that, in point of fact, I was in a taxicab with two others driving through the furious rain when a crowd on foot, rushing as if scattered by a whiff of grapeshot, came against us with inarticulate cries, and the next moment a single policeman jumped into the road before us, gesticulating wildly that we should turn back—which we did. Otherwise I should not now be writing this letter.

A cabman of my suburb, who had driven me three times in the last few weeks, was not so fortunate; and, before alarm was given, he landed with his fare and automobile many yards below the surface. A fireman, who crept to the edge of the abyss thus suddenly opened, could only cry, "I see a lady's hand!" It was next day before the dead bodies could be taken out. Yesterday I saw the funeral, with thousands of chauffeurs driving in ranks and displaying the red flag of discontent.

I will not go over the particulars of the accidents following one after the other through a whole quarter of congested central Paris. The cable has told them. There had been warnings for me, and, therefore, for those responsible in the city. Two weeks before, without rain torrents to loosen the ground, an automobile sank down three feet below the road-bed in front of the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, where the street later caved in at two different points. My own tramcar a few days later stopped and refused to go further; and, indeed, the rails seemed suspended in air. A squad of workmen came and poured in sand and repaved, and traffic continued.

Then, when the waterspouts of heaven were opened, the honeycombed soil, wherein men had been burrowing like moles, sank down to unknown depths. And the disaster was solely along the line of this burrowing, for Paris has been building two thousand years on solid earth and rock, where Nature digs no hollows.

Here, just under the road-bed, were all those conduits of our civilization; channels for electric wires of light and telephones; then, gas-pipes and compressed air pipes; a little lower still, water mains and great sewer collectors; and, underneath all, the tunnels of the new subway carried through friable soil. The masonry of the subway arch was thicker than the contract with the city demanded. It is not far down in the bowels of the earth, like the London Tube; but it is as deep down as the London Metropolitan Railway, which, however, has for its vault an enormous thickness of brick, while the Paris subway has only twenty-one inches. This is more than sufficient for the ordinary strain, great as it is nowadays, with auto-buses and auto-trucks weighing many tons. But Monday was no ordinary day.

First there came the tremendous inrush of water into the sewers, and on the street surface for a half-hour such a rainfall as human remembrance does not record in Paris. The sand which had been filled in above the subway tunnel must have settled away, for the sewer pipes broke in spots where there was no support for them. And their bursting broke the pipes of compressed air and let it loose to bore its way to open day; and this broke, in turn, the gas pipes; and then there came short circuits with that other force, electricity. There was a burst of flame, an explosion, and the earth beneath the street yawned to depths of twenty, forty, even sixty feet, where subway crosses over subway.

It is not that man cannot make safe his subterranean burrowings beneath the ground he treads; not that he cannot safely weave beneath his steps channels for the forces which he has enslaved, and not that Paris engineers fail in science. Mr. Willox is chief engineer of the London Metropolitan Railway, and must be a competent judge; and he says:

"Your engineers are often admirable, and it is certain we are much less scientific. Of course, in our work we take account of theory, but we do not risk experiments which practice has not warranted. And when we find ourselves up against a doubtful problem, we are not afraid to solve it in the simplest and the surest way. Where there is question of construction, we are not afraid of using twice the quantity of materials indicated by pure science. Perhaps your engineers, even because of their great knowledge, are too inclined to rest content with pure science and do not take account enough of practice."

Perhaps—but the question most distressing here and now in Paris is to know who are the responsible engineers. Those of the city or those of the subway company? And have the two worked together? And has there been the proper supervision of their work?

There are other questions, too, in the minds of many, which are not unconnected with democracy and city government by commission and practical politics, and, most of all, the workmen's side of the case.

The first report of the Municipal Committee of control of works ends with these significant words:

"To know exactly the causes of the catastrophe we must wait till the different chiefs of the services concerned have been heard and cross-examined. Meanwhile, we may observe that a workman protested against the employment of inexperienced laborers, little acquainted with the nature of the undersoil of Paris and the difficulty of the work to be executed; and against dangerous mine explosions, causing considerable earth-falls, and thus making pockets which were all the more dangerous as they were less known. This workman also pointed out that the intensive work which was required did not allow of perfect pounding down of the earth."

The difficulties between capital and labor are sometimes more than mere talk. S. D.

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THE CZAR AND KING CHARLES AT KUSTENDJE—A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE—EFFECT ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONSHIPS.

VIENNA, June 24.

The recent meeting between the Czar of Russia and King Charles of Rumania at Kustendje was watched in Vienna with interest and some apprehension. The Czar has definitely decided to bestow the hand of one of his daughters upon the Crown Prince of Rumania, and his visit to the port on the Black Sea was taken for the purpose of clinching this arrangement. The marriage will probably act in the same way as the alliance between Berlin and Athens or the matrimonial connection between the small state of Montenegro and the powerful kingdom of Italy.

A certain proportion of the population of Rumania does not approve of the policy of King Charles in joining the Triple Entente. The leading papers speak of Russia's taking of Bessarabia, and say that the great Slav nation cannot be trusted. This is no doubt correct from their point of view, and Russia is so great herself that she may be compared to an autocratic father, who would hardly stop to take the rights of his children into account, if he considered the confiscation of their land was necessary for the good of the whole family. Thus the feelings of the Opposition that it is not wise to venture so far into the camp of the enemy and that past experience had shown that the aims and aspirations of Rumania and Russia have ever been completely divergent are probably correct. King Charles, however, greatly desires to ally his house with that of Russia, and for the present considers little but that. This falling away from the Triple Alliance is greatly regretted in Vienna, where it is felt that the support given to King Ferdinand was ill-timed, as the Triple Alliance thus lost the friendship of Rumania.

It would appear that the Czar of Russia and King Charles discussed the situation which is arising from the increased helplessness of Turkey and the possibility of the opening of the Dardanelles. Bulgaria and Rumania have both decided to build out their Danube fleets, as the small monitors used for patrolling the stream of the great Danube are useful and necessary, not only in time of war, but also for peaceful purposes, since they are often busily engaged in looking after smugglers and performing other police work along the stream. Both Rumania and Bulgaria are considering the necessity of enlarging their Black Sea fleets. Russia is building apace, and the small countries on the shores of the sea must at least have some means of defence against their powerful neighbor in case of an outbreak of hostilities. There also arises the question of whether the demand for the opening of the Dardanelles could not better be made by one of the small Balkan states than by Russia.

Exactly what is being projected in this matter is unknown, but it is clear that the question will be reopened at the first favorable opportunity. Meanwhile Ferdinand of Bulgaria is little likely to encroach upon his neighbor, although the irritation with Rumania, which took the opportunity of Bulgaria's helplessness to annex a large strip of her territory, is still present, taking the form of a quiet wrath that is nursed until the state of the country will permit of revenge. L. R.

Books and Men

MEASURING THE SHUDDER.

Painting the lily and gilding refined gold have long been thought the very worst of bad form. To break a butterfly upon a wheel is regarded as a brutal exercise, and the man who would analyze the rainbow is out of favor everywhere. But vivisecting the short story is a highly popular sport, and the number of persons who are engaged in measuring the shudder that dwells in detective stories, in tales of mystery and terror, is a cause for mild surprise to those who follow these enterprising experimenters.

The books designed to give instruction in the art of writing short stories would nearly fill a five-foot shelf. The authors compile an excellent list of the best stories, and print half a dozen examples. The masterpieces of Poe and Maupassant, of Bret Harte and Kipling, of O. Henry and W. W. Jacobs, are classified and compared, and finally stretched upon the dissecting table. The unerring light of an instructor in English composition is turned upon the subject, and we are informed, with ruthless accuracy, just why "The Fall of the House of Usher" or "The Monkey's Paw" makes us feel the way it does make us feel.

In the last year I have undoubtedly read more books on how to write a short story than Poe and Maupassant together read during their entire careers. And the amazing thing about these books is that they contain so much good sense—there is hardly a statement open to dispute in one of them. Not one of the writers pretends to turn the illiterate into geniuses, or to enable the average man to rival a famous author. Nearly all they say is wisdom's very self. They do not seem to get anywhere, and the greater part of each book is fairly obvious to any intelligent person who has read two or three score of the best short stories. But, with hardly an exception, they are immensely interesting.

One of the most readable of all is "The Technique of the Mystery Story," by Carolyn Wells (Home Correspondence School). In spite of many passages in fine print, I cannot imagine any one leaving it unfinished, once having begun to read it. Yet, when you see it announced as "a complete practical study of the form, with examples from the best mystery writers," you not only smile, but feel sure that the author smiled, too.

The table of contents is delicious, and the index irresistible. Chapter IV, for instance, the table tells us, is about ghost stories, and it is divided into four parts: a working classification, the ghost story, famous ghost stories, the humorous ghost story. Against attempting the last, by the way, the novice is warned. Chapter XIV deals with Devious Devices, as tracks in the snow or mud. Another speaks of footprints and fingerprints, with a note on teeth-marks. Another describes disguises and discusses the literary value of false whiskers.

Miss Wells makes some surprising statements. "A true lover of detective fiction," she writes, "never reads detailed newspaper accounts of crime." This, I fancy, is altogether too sweeping. Certainly, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—who loves detective fiction so well that he writes a great deal of it—has become interested in real crimes, and presumably through the newspapers. The Edalji and Slater cases have occupied him at home, and during his recent visit in New York he expressed his interest in the Becker case and sought an interview with the convicted man.

It is possible to carry one's hostility to the adage "Truth is stranger than fiction" too far, and this Miss Wells does when she declares Arthur C. Train's "True Stories of Crime" dull and prosy. As a rule, of course, the fictitious is more entertaining than the true, but it is certainly unsafe to declare that this is always and invariably the case.

There was a measure of wisdom in Oscar Wilde's paradox about Nature following art, instead of art following Nature. Certain crimes seem to partake of the very essence of the detective story. The mind that loves problems, yet refuses to study a mystery because it is real, simply denies itself enjoyment. The Parkman-Webster murder, even viewed in retrospect, with the solution known, is more dramatic than some of Miss Wells's favorites of fiction. Accounts of it are surely better reading than certain novels by that master of delay and exasperation, the author of "The Perfume of the Lady in Black." The Borden murders of twenty-one years ago still puzzle and fascinate those who believe themselves, despite Miss Wells, "true lovers of detective fiction." The English case of Dr. Lamson, in which poison was administered *in the presence of a witness*, has in it the stuff which Sherlock Holmes would have declared worthy of his best efforts. There were elements in the horrible Richeson case in Boston which were like pages from Anna Katharine Green. The Slater case was extraordinarily interesting, especially as the murderer calmly walked out of the door, from the scene of the crime, past two witnesses. And on the day on which this is written the papers are full of the story of a murder whose details would delight the sensational novelist.

The newspaper accounts, it is true, of most of these cases are turgid, clumsy. But the facts of all of them, stripped of the rhetoric, hold the same fascination, the same intellectual puzzle, that minds like Poe's have sought to construct, and minds like Gladstone's and President Wilson's have been eager to solve.

Whether or not, by the way, the cool, intellectual person is the ideal reader of detective stories, he is not the ideal writer of them. Poe's mathematical mind devised capital detective stories, but his detective,

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Dupin, is too inhuman to be interesting. He is the "Thinking Machine" of Jacques Futrelle in an earlier incarnation, and like him he fails to arouse sympathy. Sherlock Holmes, for all his pretended impassivity, is not only a greater detective, but a far better fellow than either. It may have been hard on Dr. Watson when Holmes refused to congratulate him on his engagement, but it was far better to have Holmes around than either Poe's or Futrelle's hero. To live with either of them was like rooming with the fifth proposition of Euclid—whatever that may be.

In an article called "Remedial Legislation for Words," printed in this column two weeks ago, I referred to Prof. Brander Matthews's essay "On the French Spoken by Those Who Do Not Speak French," as hard to obtain. Professor Matthews has kindly called my attention to the fact that the volume containing it, "Pen and Ink," has been reprinted.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

WILFUL AND IMPATIENT POVERTY.

The source of the stanzas upon Poverty with which Chaucer prefaces the Man of Law's Tale of Constance, Gower's theme of Envy (Detraction), was long since shown by Professor Lounsbury in the columns of the *Nation* (No. 1253, July 4, 1889) to be Pope Innocent's famous tract, "De Miseria Conditionis Humanae." But the function of this Poverty prologue—a matter of much greater moment to the literary student than its origin—still awaits adequate explanation.

Two kinds of Poverty are recognized by writers of the Middle Ages. The first, "Wilful" or Willing Poverty, was a highly extolled virtue in the Church and was readily embraced by the ascetic together with the other binding vows of chastity and obedience. It is chief among the sanctimonious professions of the friar of the Summoner's Tale, but is frankly disavowed by the soulless Pardoner. Poets as diverse as Dante, DeGuileville, Jean de Meung, Langland, and Occleve chant loudly its praises, proclaiming it the gift of God, the mother of health, the source of wisdom. Its many eulogists point to the sacred precedent of Christ and his apostles, they vaunt its careless security from robbery and its happy freedom from responsibility, and they deem it ever the most salutary corrective of the Sin of Pride. "Whoso hateth Pride, loveth Poverty," says one, the devout author of the "Ayenbite of Inwyt"; "Pride in riches reigneth rather than in Poverty," affirms another, the clear-sighted Langland; "Riches of this world move men to be proud," sermonizes a third, the lofty-souled Wyclif. Hence the large space devoted by Chaucer to Wilful Poverty in his comprehensive impeachment of Pride in the proud Wife of Bath's story.

The second kind, Impatient Poverty, the theme of the Man of Law's prologue, is as much a vice as the first is a virtue. Many others than Pope Innocent illustrate its sorry state. According to the author of the "Romance of the Rose" (ll. 826 ff.), Poverty is the shamefaced spouse of Misery, wedding a man to hate and driving from him all friends and brethren. In Lydgate's translation of De Guileville's "Pilgrimage of Human Life" (ll. 22716 ff.), Impatient Poverty is an ape-lipped crone, frowning and foul of cheer, groaning and "grucching." It is this "grucching" or murmuring which characterizes every mention of the fault, whether it be in Lydgate's version of Æsop or in Occleve's "Regement of Princes," "Whoso gruccheth in poverty, forfeiteth grace."

Now murmuration or "grucching against poverty" is one of the chief phases of Envy in Chaucer's own Parson's Tale. And the poet links the Man of Law's prologue with that Deadly Sin through this envious grumbling, and through the vehement "sorrow at other men's weal" in the second stanza. The obvious bond between Impatient Poverty and Envy becomes a mediæval tradition that culminates in its dramatic presentation in the sixteenth-century interlude of "Impatient Poverty," where the sin is the servant and yet the secret foe of the title character. In this morality Envy conspires against Impatient Poverty in his brief hour of prosperity, bringing him to naught, rejoicing in the tidings of his ruin, and deserting him after his losses with the time-honored taunt, "Thieves shall not rob you, going by the way." At the close the Summoner cites Impatient Poverty as "a great slanderer and full of envy" and Peace finally bids him "forsake envy and misrule." A prologue of Impatient Poverty is, therefore, a prologue of Envy. From the mediæval point of view such a prelude of Murmuration is an apt introduction to a tale of Detraction, its sister phase of Envy.

It is no chance coincidence with Chaucer that Envy in the Elizabethan interlude makes large mention of merchants and men of law. Both of these occupations were deemed by men of the Middle Ages to be tainted with a base desire for wealth and a sovereign contempt for the poor. To cite but two examples of a score, the place of merchants in the context of our Poverty or Envy prologue is amply illustrated by the words of Wyclif in his sermon against Envy (III, 133): "And so uneven dealing of goods of this world engenders much envy among these worldly men. And so parts of this community and especially merchants move to this envy by deceit of their craft." The discussions of Poverty in the "Romance of the Rose" introduce more than once "the rich merchants who but live to gain more wealth." Chaucer's final ascription of the prologue of Murmuration and the story of Detraction to the Man of Law as an exponent of Envy is vindicated by the many mediæval illustrations of the unfavorable conception of this supposedly envious profession presented in my article on "Chaucer and the Seven Deadly Sins" in the March number of The Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.

The cry of Chaucer's envious man, "O riche marchaunts, ful of wele [prosperity] ben ye," recalls the wail of discontent at the beginning of the First Satire of Horace's First Book, "O fortunati mercatores!" Did Chaucer know the opening lines of the Horatian Satires as well as he knew the delightful little prelude to those of Persius? At our poet's "feast of scraps," beginnings are often the chief morsels.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

Burlington, Vt.

German Fiction

THE SHORT STORY AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HUMOR.

The four volumes of stories by older German writers which have been published by the Insel-Verlag, of Leipzig, call attention to the fact that the Germans have a respectable number of excellent story-writers. The handsome edition has an introduction by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

He sees in Jean Paul the miniature painter of all the apparent trifles, which yet are so significant, and of all the pathetic futilities of ordinary life; in Eichendorf the roving, dreamy, consciously juvenile tendency of the race; in Brentano and Hauff the folk-soul in its unadulterated purity; in Tieck and Hoffmann the mysterious lingering upon the threshold of another world; in Arnim and Kleist the masters of the story which deals with a solitary and unique experience, usually in an alien, romantic setting; and so forth to Immermann. He justifies his choice of these writers by saying that they represent a Germany which is no longer the same, and he would have the Germans remember them because the present is the subject of an idolatry which he, the very writer who struck a note of ultra-modernism in his earliest work, no longer seems to approve.

There is a slight connection between these older story-writers of Germany and a few of the new generation who have been wise enough not to discard everything that is of the past. Wilhelm Hegeler, although a contemporary of that clamorous group of innovators, has always held aloof, evidently unwilling to be identified with their wholesale holocaust of old ideals and old standards. The emotional quality, the natural simplicity so sadly absent in the work of "youngest" Germany, give his stories an agreeable flavor. Though entitled "Eros" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), his latest book is not erotic in the accepted sense of the word. The stories it contains are built upon love episodes, refined in sentiment, varied in character, and told with a tender charm.

Otto von Leitgeb is interested in strong passions and deep sentiments, rather than in psychological moods and sensations. His book of stories, "Das Hohelied" (Egon Fleischel), presents the whole gamut of real feelings, rather than their infinitesimal *nuances*, and his insight into character is so well founded that his appeal is irresistible. He, too, has a keen appreciation of nature as a setting.

Ludwig Thoma's latest book of stories, "Nachbarsleute" (München: Albert Langen), is deeply rooted in the Bavarian temperament and in Bavarian soil. Thoma's world is small and restricted by the curious old-time conventions of a middle-class provincial society. He has seen it at close range and has overlooked none of its idiosyncrasies. He pokes fun at its petty

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formalism and its antiquated prejudices. He laughs outright at its absurdities. Yet he makes one feel that he loves these people, after all, that a subconscious racial kinship unites him with these townfolk and neighbors, and his robust, healthy humor leaves no bitter after-taste.

There is a note of forced artificiality in the book of Hans Bötticher, which does not justify its title, "Ein jeder lebt's" (Albert Langen). Life is not quite as grotesque for every one of us; it is not such a succession of curious experiences. His exotic imagination lends a fanciful, unreal touch to the figures with which he peoples his pages. "Die wilde Miss vom Ohio" and "Der tätowirte Apion" would delight the lover of the weird and extravagant. On the other hand, the book contains not a few thoughtful sketches with a delicate symbolical or a broadly human meaning.

It is surprising to find a native Swiss who has perfectly mastered the matter and manner of the writers engaged in chronicles of life at European capitals. Nothing as "Parisian"—in the ordinary sense of the word—has come from the pens of native Parisians in many years as Alexander Castell's novel, "Bernard's Versuchung," which was published about two years ago, and his recent book of short stories, "Capriccio" (Albert Langen), also unmistakably breathes the accepted atmosphere. Castell's temperament is intensely dramatic—another feature which is not Swiss. The prize ring, the variety stage, the "Halles," the "Boul' Mich'," the Riviera Express, furnish the settings for his little dramas of desire; for all his men are engaged in the feverish quest of pleasure, of erotic experiences, and other adventures. Some of the stories are distinctly symtomatic of the idiosyncrasy of sex by which American literature, too, is beginning to be affected. But Castell writes from the standpoint of an over-ripe civilization; his is the cynical note of the initiated, while the naïve seriousness of our Americans proves that they are still "Innocents Abroad."

Albert Ehrenstein's book of stories, called after the initial tale, "Der Selbstmord eines Katers" (München: Georg Müller), bears no date of publication, but is too extraordinary in character to be overlooked, even if it were a trifle more than a year old. Ehrenstein belongs to the group of independents that stand outside of the "representative" literary world of Austria and go their own way regardless of the demands of the market and the need of advertisement through the press. He is a visionary, a wit, and a stylist whose pedigree might be traced to the English humorists of the eighteenth century, notably Laurence Sterne, yet he is unmistakably a type of the modern Viennese intellectual. He conjures curious moods and fancies, pictures of real life and dream life, before the reader's vision. Exotic imaginings and philosophical excursions follow in bewildering abundance. The form is always that of a chat, but the reader feels that the author needs no second, that he is content to converse with himself. A strangely self-centred but attractive personality is reflected in this book. "Begräbniss," "Mitgefühl," "Ansichten eines Exterritorialen," and others illustrate his manner.

Carl Hauptmann is in the habit of turning out a book of short stories in the interval between the completion of a larger work and the beginning of another. His "Nächte" followed upon his Bonaparte dramas, and now, only a few months after the publication of his admirable poetical play, "Die armseligen Besenbinder," and of "Die lange Jule," which had its initial performance at the inauguration of the new royal theatre at Dresden, he has sent out an interesting collection of stories, called "Schicksale" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff). They are quaint portraits of queer country folk, of strange aristocratic eccentrics, of religious cranks, of specimens of human nature in its more extravagant and perhaps abnormal phases. He gives these people a singular vitality, making them plausible, if not convincing. "Magdalena mit der Balsambüchse," "Der Tanzmeister Grandhomme," "Der Bäcker Einhorn," "Der Evangelist Johannes," and "Fürst Gribow und seine Kinder" are as rich a collection of unusual figures and unusual experiences as one could find anywhere.

A strikingly original achievement is the first long story that has come from the pen of Alfons Petzold, the proletaire poet of Vienna, who has recently become the subject of many critical appreciations in the magazines of Germany. Petzold has been a sufferer from tuberculosis, and the scene of the greater part of the story, which is entitled "Erde" (Vienna and Leipzig: Deutsch-Oesterreichischer Verlag), is a sanitarium. The actors in the pathetic drama are patients who are finally dismissed as cured and go out into the world to set up a home for themselves hallowed by a tender affection. Then only does the tragedy begin, for the heroine's frail body is unfit for maternity, while her woman-soul longs for a mother's glory. The unusual and tragic solution of the conflict is very startling, and gives the plot an unexpected ending. But the great significance of the book lies in its philosophy, its beautiful acceptance of the inevitable, and in the author's deep feeling for nature.

Genuine humor is so rare a thing in German letters to-day that it should be doubly welcomed when it presents itself in such a fascinating form as the "Alltag eines Fröhlichen," by Robert Scheu (Albert Langen). Dr. Scheu is secretary of the Austrian Chamber of Commerce, an authority on the subject of "Kulturpolitik," which is a term of his own coinage, and has been prominently identified with a reform of the common-school education in his country. He has published a number of dramas, some in collaboration with Dr. Otto Stössl, his gifted compatriot, and is known to readers of *Simplicissimus* as the faithful chronicler of current events as seen through his temperament. Scheu has the faculty of relieving caustic sarcasm with a kindly smile, though his satire strikes right and left. The skits upon college customs, upon the policies of the press, upon official red tape in municipal administration, and other departments of public life are choice products of his pen.

One of the most striking personalities among the writers that have come to the fore through the medium of *Simplicissimus* is Gustav Meyrink. He is not a prolific writer, and although the readers of his first little volumes of sketches and tales, "Der heisse Soldat" and "Orchideen," upon which his reputation rests, are not likely to have forgotten him in the years of silence that followed their publication, the collective edition of his writings in three volumes, under the title, "Des deutschen Spiessers Wunderhorn" (Albert Langen), will be warmly welcomed. Meyrink is a representative of that new German humor which has evolved within the past twenty years, and takes its cue from the critical and heretical attitude of the younger generation. He has an exuberant imagination and a mordant irony. Meyrink has fulfilled a mission in Germany by placing a damper upon the extravagant overvaluation of Gustav Frenssen by his choice parodies upon "Jörn Uhl" and "Hilligenlei."

A. von Ende.

Correspondence

THE SURTAX ON INCOMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 2 there occurs a reference to the Federal Income Tax law to the effect that the surtax on large incomes became effective only after the passage of the bill in October of last year. I enclose a clipping from the paper wherein this reference appears. Mr. Underwood, you will see, is quoted as authority for the statement.

This construction of the law is, I believe, a new one, the Government having exacted a tax and settlements having been made upon the basis that the surtax did not differ from the normal tax with respect to time of operation. I beg to inquire, therefore, whether you will not be good enough to give me in full the basis for the statement contained in your paper, and such additional data as will be necessary to clear up the point.

Thomas S. Gates.

Philadelphia, July 2.

[The statement, though made by Mr. Underwood according to an extensive press report of his speech of June 27, was erroneous. The report of the passage in question was as follows:

There will be no falling off in the income-tax receipts next year. A large proportion of the income accrues and is payable in January and February of the year, but income tax became operative as to the normal tax in March, and as to the super-tax or additional tax not until the bill became a law in October.

In the speech as printed in the *Congressional Record* for June 29 no such statement is

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made, the nearest approach to it being the following:

No one is charged for income for this last year except for income actually received during the last ten months of the calendar year 1913. The income-tax assessment upon semi-annual incomes payable in January and July only applied in 1913 to a period of four months.

—Ed. The Nation.]

DUTCH OFFICERS IN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On the fifteenth of June, Major Thomson, of the Dutch Army—known as a brilliant officer and as an energetic member of Parliament—in leading his Albanian troops against the enemies of Prince William, changing a forlorn hope into an ultimate success, was shot through the breast and killed.

The real work of creative organization in Albania devolved upon a handful of Dutch officers, chosen for their intimate knowledge of the character of Mahommedan soldiery. Within less than three months they accomplished the only actually constructive work that has been done in Prince William's new kingdom, and as a reward for their labor they have been cordially reviled by the press of every nation which has present or future interests in Albania.

The simple and direct devotion of these men to a very unpleasant duty is a splendid manifestation of what the modern and intelligent officer of the small continental armies can achieve in the face of apparently hopeless odds.

H. W. van Loon.

Madison, Wis., June 30.

INFLATION AHEAD?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fundamental purpose of the Federal Reserve act is to assure to banks in times of strain a market for their loans. This was set out in a recently published article that ended thus: "And let me, in conclusion, emphasize the words 'in times of strain,' for if the system is unduly used in other times its usefulness will be seriously, perhaps disastrously, impaired."

That which I had in mind in so writing seems increasingly important as we approach the putting of the system into operation. Increasingly one hears expressions of buoyant anticipation of the better times that will come with easier credit. The banks, it seems to be thought, will lend and lend, take their loans to their reserve banks for rediscount, and then again lend and lend. And so borrowing will be easier not only in times of strain, but as well in normal times.

There is danger in that misconception of the purpose of the Federal Reserve act. We have not suffered much from lack of bank credit in normal times. We have suffered much from panics caused by bad banking in normal times. Take the last panic. From the middle of 1904 until 1907 business in this country steadily expanded from a point much below to a point much above the normal. During the same period the ratio of bank loans to deposits increased and correlatively banking resources steadily decreased from a point much above to a point much below normal. It was this exhaustion of the usable portion of banking resources that ripened conditions for the panic of 1907. And the exhaustion in normal times of the usable portion of banking resources means, in all likelihood, that there has been bad banking; that bankers, yielding to the pleas of expanding business, have loaned their demand deposits otherwise than for quickly maturing commercial and industrial purposes, have loaned them for such purposes as plant enlargement. In a word, commercial bankers have undertaken the functions of investment bankers. By their doing so, by bad banking in normal times, conditions are ripened for a panic, and when the time of strain comes, as in 1907, commercial bankers fail to perform their own functions of supplying money for the daily needs of the people and credit for the short-time needs of business.

Now it is just because business and banking, instead of moving rationally forward on a line of steady development, move emotionally upward and downward in a zigzag across the line that something like the Federal Reserve act had to be enacted. Something had to be done to help the bankers, when overtaken by the results of their bad banking, to renew their exhausted resources and so get mto condition to continue the performance of their functions. If this conception of the purpose of the Federal Reserve act be held by the managers of the new system, as there is every indication that it will be, and they in so holding be supported by the public, there will be no danger of inflation ahead.

Moreover, there is little danger in any event of inflation through Federal Reserve notes. This new kind of money may not be held as reserves by the member banks, and the provisions for its redemption seem unquestionable. It is, therefore, altogether likely that the new notes will not stay out longer than they serve a legitimate purpose. We shall, in other words, probably get an elastic currency whose volume, like the volume of checks, expands and contracts in accordance with the exchanges to be effected at the time.

The way in which the inflation will come, if at all, is through the undue use of the rediscounting provisions of the act. A member bank, having loaned and loaned until it has exhausted its usable resources and consequently its right to loan, takes a bundle of its loans to its Federal Reserve Bank, there rediscounts them, and has the proceeds credited to its account with the reserve bank. By so doing, and thus increasing its legal reserve, the member bank has acquired the right, as pointed out in the *Journal of Political Economy*, to loan further to an amount (according as it is a central reserve city bank, a reserve city bank, or a country bank) more than five, six, or eight times the amount of the rediscounted loans. The borrowers from the member bank take the proceeds of their loans in the form of credits to their checking accounts. And thus, to the contrary of the notion that inflation comes only from an undue addition to the volume of money, you have, without the addition of any money, the conditions for inflation.

Probably the inflation will not come, but it is just as well to have in mind how it might come, and to do what we can to moderate this current anticipation of easier credit in normal times.

The chief reason for saying that inflation probably will not come through the operation of the Federal Reserve act is that we are likely to get conservative, competent men as directors of the reserve banks. The responsibility on them will be great, and none of their duties will be more important than to decline to rediscount for bankers who do not have the courage and the intelligence to decline to overdiscount.

No criticism of the Federal Reserve act is implied. All usable things are abusable. If the excellent piece of machinery provided by the Federal Reserve act is abused there will be danger of inflation ahead.

Evans Woollen.

Indianapolis, July 2.

COMPULSORY CANDIDACY FOR STATE LEGISLATURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question raised by the editorial article in the *Nation* of June 18, "Our Precarious Public Careers," is both interesting and disturbing. If it is true, as you assert, that there is a dearth of men of ability and character in the State Legislatures, is this due to the fact that there is now "nothing in" a seat in a State Legislature, since the abolition of the free railway pass for "statesmen," the cessation of the resulting friendly relations between statesmen and big business, and the consequent disappearance from the statesman's mind of the lively sense of potentially still more pleasant and profitable relations yet to be? In a word, is it due to that inhospitality of life in a State Legislature to all selfish ambition which has resulted from the reforms and the general movement for purifying public life of the last dozen years?

If the answer is yes, what, then, are we to do? No one, certainly, would advocate a return to the old system; for it was a bad system, even though under it able and ambitious men, not too nice of conscience, were led to strive for membership in the State Legislature, and in many ways often served their State well and even unselfishly in a large part of their activity.

The situation is, nevertheless, a serious one; far too serious for us to look with much hope of relief to the influence of those amiable but now slightly wearisome celebrations of the doctrine of "service" which have been resounding from several hundred commencement platforms during the last few weeks.

The American public listens with a somewhat too indiscriminate cynicism, no doubt, when it hears of the great sacrifice being made by some man who has just accepted an office to which a very comfortable salary is attached; though it must be admitted that the not infrequent refusal of an office of this kind by a man who really does not want it lends some color to the belief of the general public that no man among us takes a public office when he does not find it in some way to his personal interest to do so. It would seem, however, that here is a place, under present-day conditions, where real self-sacrifice in the public interest is the only remedy. One dislikes to suggest such a thing as compulsory candidacy for a seat in the State Legislature; for the comparative freedom of the American citizen from the obligations of public service compelled by law and administrative authority—a freedom that has thus far been enjoyed without serious harm to the State—has not only been creditable to our public spirit as a people, but has done much to keep alive that precious sense of personal freedom without which life loses much of its charm and nearly all of its dignity. Nevertheless, if it is true that there is an increasing reluctance on the part of able and competent men to become candidates

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for membership in State Legislatures, does it not seem likely that the public may, in self-defence, find it necessary to compel candidacy as an incident of citizenship, in essentially the same way as that in which it now compels jury service? Compulsory candidacy would not be an ideal way out of a perilous situation; but recourse to it seems probable, unless it comes to be generally understood that it is a deeply discreditable thing for an American citizen to refuse nomination to a seat in the Legislature of his State.

R. D. O'LEARY.

Lawrence, Kan., June 30.

"NUTS," NATIVE AND BRITISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most interesting features in present-day slang is the great difference between the meaning of the word "nut" as applied to a person in England and in America; and as this word has only recently been used in slang, it is not to be found in most of the slang dictionaries.

Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" gives a definition of "nut" which is attributed to the Yorkshire dialect, and says: "Nut, a silly fellow. This word is not applied to an idiot, but to one who has been doing a foolish action." This is the sense in which the word is used in America, but, although it is common in spoken speech, it has no literary acceptance on this side of the Atlantic, and only appears in print in the garish pages of the Sunday comic supplement.

In England the word "Nut" (applied to a person) is capitalized and is to be found very frequently in *Punch*, and also in novels with some pretence to good standing, as, for example, Mrs. Horace Tremlett's "Curing Christopher" and Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Fool of April." In the last-named book the author attempts a definition of the "Nut," as the modern representative of the Beau, the Macaroni, the Dandy, and the Dude.

It is curious to see the same word used in English and American slang with such difference in meaning and in standing. Possibly the English "Nut" of to-day may have a place in the novel of manners of equal dignity with yesterday's Beaux and Macaronis, but our native variety is unlikely to rise from the lowly position it occupies in the vocabulary in company with "boob," "simp," or similar words applied to people who do foolish things.

An attempt to trace a common origin to two fortuitous uses of a word in slang is of slight value, but it is interesting to note that in the early eighties the word "Nut" was used in Australia with an intermediate meaning, being applied to a type which considered itself the complacent man of the world, but was mocked at by the general public. Edward E. Morris, in his "Austral English," quotes an illustrative passage from A. J. Boyd's "Old Colonials": "The peculiar type of native (white) which has received the significant sobriquet of 'The Nut' may be met with in all parts of Australia, but more particularly in far-off inland bush townships. What is a Nut? Imagine a long, lank, lantern-jawed, whiskerless colonial youth—generally nineteen years of age, with a smooth face, destitute of all semblance of a crop of 'grass,' as he calls it in the vernacular."

JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Norwood, Mass., June 8.

Literature

BOOKS ON RUSSIA.

Modern Russia. By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Russia of the Russians. By Harold Whitmore Williams. The same. $1.50 net.

Behind the Veil at the Russian Court. By Count Paul Vassili. New York: John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

Interest in Russia, as a developing and changing country, apparently continues unabated. Three books dealing with the topic, each of them worthy of careful attention, but written from widely different points of view, have appeared within the space of six months.

Gregor Alexinsky, the author of "Modern Russia," is a revolutionist of university training, who, after some experience of prison life, was elected a member of the second Duma (1907), in which short-lived body he was a leader of the Social-Democratic party. The aim of his present book he defines as follows:

> I have no wish to speak as a prophet unveiling the future. . . . Nor do I speak as a political agitator; my aim is quite otherwise. I hope to speak the calm language of facts and figures and exact data. This book, in my intention, should be a small encyclopædia of Russian life in all its manifestations; an unpretending photograph, which seeks to reproduce, as faithfully as possible, the contours and the colors of reality (p. 9).

Alexinsky's performance does not correspond to his profession of faith. On the whole, his work may be regarded as a political tract in which Russian history and social conditions are interpreted by the formulas of Marxian economics. Writing with apparent haste, he shows scant ability to take the point of view of the uninformed foreigner and a typically Russian ignorance of the first principles of orderly exposition. He gives no account, for example, of the fundamental differences between the Russian nobility and that of any one of the Western countries. That Leroy-Beaulieu and Wallace have already given luminous discussions of the subject is no excuse for silence in a book that is meant to be self-sufficient. He devotes equal space, five pages each, to a description of the rural commune and to the career of the police spy Azev. He wastes two pages in expounding the axiomatic thesis that "to comprehend the political history of any country we must examine its economy" (p. 36).

Mistakes of detail are frequent; one finds astounding statements like: "The Little Russians speak a dialect which is almost the old Slav language" (p. 29), and "the apostles of Christianity in Russia, having found no ready-made alphabet, created one themselves, and then composed a special language in which the religious services were celebrated" (p. 71). More important, it is an utter perversion of history to say that the Russian monarchy "has always been dependent on the nobility, and that its actions have merely expressed the interests of the latter" (pp. 174, 175).

Yet all these failings do not prevent Alexinsky's book from being of considerable value. No other writer makes so clear the immense changes that the advent of capitalism has worked in the Russian social fabric, even though one may demur at the extreme view: "Capitalist industry is the factor that determines the character and the tone of Russian life. The conflict between town and country . . . is resolved in Russia in favor of the town. The village, despite its quantitative superiority, plays a subordinate part in the social life of the country" (p. 110). Most important, Alexinsky gives, in part unconsciously, a really authoritative statement of the ideals and of the general point of view of one influential school of Russian radical thought. One may be glad that he has not sacrificed vividness of treatment in his ineffectual striving for scientific impartiality.

Dr. Williams is a man of different type. He is a research fellow of the School of Russian Studies at the University of Liverpool, an institution that is doing much to further an enlightened interest in Russia among speakers of English, and is an editor of the *Russian Review*, the periodical published by that school. This quarterly, one may remark in passing, is now entering on its third year; it is not only valuable in itself from its articles dealing with current affairs in Russia, but is an excellent guide to the literature of the subject in English, French, German, and Russian. It is the single periodical in English devoted to a Slavic topic. Dr. Williams, as might be expected, writes as a careful, scientifically trained student of Russian conditions, not as a partisan of any political party. His book may be recommended without hesitation as the best introductory account of present-day Russia that exists in English, or, so far as the reviewer is aware, in any language. Its only rival is Wallace's third edition (1912) of his classic treatise, which was first published in 1877. But Wallace's revision is, to speak frankly, a piece of patchwork, and his temperament, which seems to have grown more conservative with advancing years, makes him an unsympathetic critic of much that is characteristic of Russia in our time.

Dr. Williams carries out, in a general way, the programme sketched and then neglected by Alexinsky. In a chapter of fifty pages on The Growth of Russia he gives an epitome of the salient features of the national history, based, as was inevitable, on the writings of Kluchevsky. Owing to its extreme compression, his section is difficult reading, but it will repay close study. There follow admirable essays on The Bureaucracy and the Constitution, The Press, The "Intelligentsia" (or educated middle class), Church and People, Peasants and Proprietors, and Trade and Industry. These are illuminating, first-hand accounts of the fea-

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tures in Russian life that distinguish it from that of western Europe, and in particular from that of England. Other chapters are devoted to Literature, Music, The Theatre, Painting, and Architecture. Here, with true literary tact, Dr. Williams pays slight attention to familiar topics, while he lingers over those that are less well known but of more contemporary interest. Thus of Turgenieff and Tolstoy, information as to whom is readily accessible, he says little; on the other hand, he gives an excellent account of the writers of the last ten years, and in particular of the "modernist movement," which is practically unknown to English readers. He closes his volume with an entertaining chapter on the characteristics of St. Petersburg life.

Mistakes of detail are rare and unimportant. But one is surprised to find that Dr. Williams attributes the origin of the Dukhobors and some other heretical sects to the great schism of the seventeenth century. This is in direct conflict with all the authorities known to the reviewer, who agree in describing these sects as of a protestant character and wholly unconnected with the schism.

Optimism and sympathy characterize Dr. Williams's style; he writes of the Russians as of friends who have a great future before them. Without quite rising to the stature of Wallace or Leroy-Beaulieu he has produced a truthful but kindly book, for which every lover of the Russian people may be grateful. The volume is well illustrated with photogravures.

The question of the value of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" depends on its authenticity. According to a "publisher's note," the writer who is hidden under the pseudonym "Count Paul Vassili" "held an important post at the Russian Court" and died but a few months ago. The volume, which is said to have its source in Count Paul Vassili's diary, must be a compilation from that work rather than a transcript from it; the journal form is nowhere evident, and the whole book is carefully proportioned and developed to a climax with no small literary skill. It gives character sketches of most of the members of the Russian Imperial family and of many prominent statesmen and social leaders, from the decease of Nicholas I (1855) until our own day. The mental attitude is that of a conservative, though not entirely bigoted, man of society; Count Paul Vassili regards the conscientious but stupid reactionist, Alexander III, as "the best and wisest sovereign that Russia ever had," but admits that the day is past, even in Russia, for an autocracy such as he upheld. Always bright and entertaining, Count Paul Vassili's book is often, especially in its later chapters, of considerable historical importance. It gives a view of Father Gapon and the Bloody Sunday massacre, for example, which is in sharp contrast with the accounts that have been accepted by most English writers. Gapon is here said to have acted under instructions from Count Witte in stirring up the workingmen's procession that ended in so tragic a fashion, and he was himself murdered, not by revengeful revolutionists, but by Government agents who wished to dispose of a tool who knew too much. Whatever amount of truth there may be in this version of the matter, it is at least interesting if it be a true reflection of beliefs current in Russian court circles. On the whole, however, Count Paul Vassili will appeal more to readers fond of familiar gossip about high society than to serious students of Russian affairs.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Milky Way. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This gracefully written story of sentimental vagabondage takes its title from a Provençal proverb, "He who is light of heart and heels can wander in the Milky Way." It differs from other tales of its class chiefly in its intensely feminine point of view. The familiar artist vagabonds of fiction have been men, or, like Mr. Locke's Clementina, women of rather masculine type. But Vin Lovel, who relates her adventures in the Milky Way, is a very youthful girlish vagabond; and the whole tone and quality of the book, its opinions, its impressions, its style, are as feminine as can be imagined. Even the hero, we regret to add, is open to the suspicion of being a girl in disguise. It is to be feared that the heroine deceives herself when she decides that she is in love with him. For her own part, she is a young person who amusingly combines a sort of innocent sophistication with a slightly self-conscious naïveté. The book abounds in delicate and finished bits of description, and in the sort of "coterie speech" that artists are supposed to affect. The reader feels rather surfeited before he finishes it. Even an idyl can be too sugary: and this one is also a little too long.

E: The Complete and Somewhat Mad History of the Family of Montague Vincent, Gent. A Novel by Julian Hinckley. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is a first novel which unfortunately attempts to be clever in several different ways. The sub-title, for example, suggests Mr. Chesterton. The elaborate and quaint chapter-headings betray an admirer of Mr. De Morgan. The style of the narrative is frequently brilliant, but never trustworthy. When the author (or the proof-reader) falls into foreign tongues (dead or alive), the result is too likely to be sketchy—like the "quadurpedante putrem" of p. 192. And though we fancy ourselves setting out upon an easy road of romance, it is not long before we find satire grinning in the path. Looking back from the end of all the pages, we perceive that this is intended to be an arraignment of society. When we notice that much of the action takes place in Newport, with no sparing of the Casino and the other accessories recognized in connection with that abode of vice and fashion, we are prepared for at least all that follows. Montague Vincent is a parasite, snob, and drunkard. We feel bound to express the opinion of him that the manners here recorded would hardly pass muster even in Newport. At his face value he is a person of sufficient quality to engage the interest and the patronage of aspiring plutocrats in the toils of feminine ambition. In fact, the only thing really to "Monty" Vincent's credit is his daughter Edith, known by her initial, and heroine of the story. The impossible millionaire and aristocrat who befriends her and her mother plays his difficult part as well as his author will let him. Indeed, the effect of the book as a whole is of a well-meaning and too facile writer struggling to make use of sufficiently good materials.

The Desert and Mrs. Ajax. By Edward Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The first novel of a mining engineer may or may not be more interesting than the first novel (or play) of an elevator boy. The publishers of this story appear to believe that something distinctive has been done. Our complaint would be that the writer has made too trifling use of his materials. In his anxiety to avoid the conventional melodrama of the mining camp, he has provided exactly that commodity, overlaid with farce. The initial idea of a stranded circus troupe adopted by a wealthy ranchman and gold-miner is good for farce. Mrs. Ajax is the Strong Woman of the disbanded company. There are a snake-charmer, a wild man, a pair of Irish acrobats with Italian names, and, above all in importance to the tale, a trapeze "artiste," with whom the ranchman falls in love, and who turns out to be the daughter of the villain. She, being somewhat incredibly modest and ladylike, also falls in love with her host at the earliest possible moment, but he is as blind to the fact as the author requires him to be, and we are destined to read a considerable number of pages before his eyes are opened and all is well. There are a number of good farcical scenes, and the lingo spoken by the personæ is of the best "American" type. It is not, however, quite natural that the capitalist gentleman from Philadelphia, allied to the Biddles, should employ that lingo as expertly as the ranchman or Mrs. Ajax herself.

Idylls of a Dutch Village (Eastloorn). By S. Ulfers. Translated by F. Williamson-Napier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The word *idyll* is (for a wonder) well chosen to express the quality of these sketches—or perhaps one feels this because they so strongly suggest the memorable "Auld Licht Idylls" of Mr. Barrie. Here, as among the Thrums people, religion is a matter of burning importance. The Eastloorn peasants, however, are of milder, more childlike temper than Mr. Barrie's dour Scots, and their chronicler describes them with comparatively small play of humor. Their manners are of less concern to him than

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their individual and composite character. The spirit of the book is religious rather than "literary." Eastloorn has two churches, the Reformed and the Dissenters. The schism is of recent occurrence; and the fact of their difference remains a sort of shame to the gentle peasants, instead of being a constant delight, as to the belligerent Scotch. Each of the congregations has an admirable man at its head, Senserff, courteous and strong, and young Walter, impetuous, generous, and prone to ignore the constraint of his cloth. And besides these good men is Wiegen, the Dreamer, a shepherd lad who dreams of a Church without rules and divisions, a Church which shall be one and the same as the Kingdom of Heaven. Its membership he finds in unlikely places, often quite unconscious of it; so, though the Reformed people and the Dissenters have only one minister apiece, Wiegen's church has them both. The sketches together make a clear picture, and a very human picture.

OLD DECAY AND A MODERN INSTANCE.

Ancient Rome and Modern America: A Comparative Study of Morals and Manners. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Ancient Rome has hardly a valid claim to the prominence which it receives in the title of Ferrero's new volume. The reader feels, at times, that the few chapters which really do carry him back to the Consuls, the Emperors, and the eagles are no essential part of the work, which is a comment on the dominant tendencies and possible outcome of our modern civilization.

Somewhere in his earlier writing the author has insisted that what Cato and his kind denounced as decadence and corruption was in reality only what we moderns generally regard as "progress." On a smaller scale the territorial expansion of Rome had engendered that growth of public and private wealth and those lavish habits of living which were fostered in the modern world by the discovery of the two Americas. But as the more conservative of the Romans, "the Puritan party," as he often calls them, looked with stern disfavor upon the daring innovations of the "progressives," so many to-day find only decadence in the intense devotion of the apparent majority to the accumulation and enjoyment of material wealth. Discussions as to national progress are fruitless because the two parties are too widely separated to comprehend each the other's point of view.

Ferrero's alleged purpose in this volume is rather to state the dispute than to decide it. "The author . . . has not so much confidence in his own wisdom as to try to discover whether man is really progressing or not; whether he is moving down the valley of the centuries towards a fixed goal, or towards an illusion which retreats with each step he takes in its direction." The reader who thinks that he finds such a verdict is warned to rest assured that he is mistaken. Yet we are told in an early chapter that Rome in her era of expansion and material greatness and America of to-day are in many things peculiarly alike, and we are shown in detail that this likeness applies to the accumulation and lavish employment of wealth, with its tendency to draw men together into great cities. And later on comes another chapter in which excessive urbanization, the inevitable result of the dominance of material standards, is spoken of as "that disease which corrupted the trunk of the Roman Empire, and which is beginning slowly, subtly, insidiously to eat the heart out of the modern world."

In the drawing of detailed parallels between ancient and modern institutions one may not always follow Ferrero with safety. He tells us, for instance, that the legal *injunction*, about which discussion has raged so violently in recent years, "is nothing else than the *edictum* of the Roman magistrate; the power, that is to say, which the Roman magistrate possessed, and which the American magistrate, maybe in a less degree, possesses, of making good with his personal authority the lacunæ and deficiencies in the law on every occasion when public order or the principles of justice seemed to demand it urgently." Thus the two institutions are identified by a definition which cannot be accepted as at all adequate for either one. In respect of the chapter on the Trial of Piso, the Governor of Syria under Tiberius, accused of poisoning Germanicus and committing various other offences, one might pick serious flaws in the author's dealing with Tacitus, if it were worth while. In recent times the motto of a certain class of writers on Roman imperial history might seem to be, "If you have no case, abuse Tacitus." Tacitus has his defects as an historian, defects not usually difficult to detect and discount, but he is at least entitled to be correctly represented. The statement that Tacitus did not believe in the charge of poisoning brought against Piso is correct, and we know that it is correct from statements made by Tacitus himself so plainly that it is absurd for Ferrero to add that "with his usual malice he has done all he could to induce posterity to accept it as true." And only out of his own imagination can he get a conception of the elder Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, which could lead him to refer to her as one "whom grief was robbing of the little sense which nature had given her." With all the faults of our ancient historians, we shall hardly reach solid ground by substituting our own imaginations for their statements.

The present volume contains many references to another which has already appeared in Italy, but is not to appear in English dress until the coming autumn. Its title is "Between the Old World and the New," and it is in the form of a series of dialogues assumed to have occurred between a party of men representing various degrees of culture and casts of thought, in the course of a two weeks' voyage from South America to Europe. Its fundamental theme is the same as that of the present volume.

BEGINNINGS OF SOCIOLOGY.

The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by R. G. Collingwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60.

Vico, a great intelligence of whom Michelet long ago remarked that he lived in the eighteenth century but wrote for the nineteenth, remains in the twentieth an unduly neglected figure in the history of modern thought. Of late, however, there have begun to appear increasing indications—of which the present work is the most important—that the uniqueness and significance of his historic rôle are likely hereafter to receive general and adequate recognition from the historians of ideas. The fate of his doctrines is one of the most striking among the many illustrations of the truth that a philosopher's reputation depends upon neither the originality nor the fruitfulness of his ideas, but upon their congeniality to the mind of his generation—or else upon their good fortune in chancing to be noticed by some later generation at the moment when it is ripe for them. A wide influence upon the movement of modern reflection Vico never exercised, though in one or two cases he communicated new intellectual impulsions to men who were themselves destined to exercise such an influence. In his own day he was a voice crying in the wilderness; and when, long after, certain of his characteristic ideas began to enjoy an enormous vogue, they owed this in the main to the work of men who knew little or nothing of him. His interest for the historian, therefore, is of a special sort, and, undeniably, of a secondary order. His philosophy was an isolated phenomenon from which no great effects directly followed. But it was prophetic of a momentous intellectual revolution which, beginning about half a century after his death, has lastingly altered men's habitual ways of thinking about many matters.

Of Vico's age the sacred word was "nature." The "law of nature" was its favorite name for the sum of all moral truth, "natural religion" was its characteristic faith, "natural rights" were the basis of most of its distinctive political theories, the "state of nature" was the model of social life, and the "physiocracy" was shortly to become the ruling doctrine in economics. In whatever province applied, the conception of "the natural" as the ideal had primarily two implications. It set up an absolutely rigid and universal standard, the same for all times and all peoples; thus the "religion of nature" was held to be "as old as the creation," and to have received no subsequent additions, except by way of corruption. And consequently this quest for that which is valid "according to nature" involved also an inability to see in history anything more than a long, unhappy record of deviations from the simplicity and uniformity of the natural order of things. Vico's greatness lies chiefly in the fact that he was apparently the first of the moderns to conceive clear-

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ly the idea which was eventually to give to all the seventeenth and eighteenth century talk about "nature" a strange and hollow sound—the idea, namely, of an order of historical development through which all peoples normally pass, of a series of stages of culture having each its appropriate institutions and modes of life, among which the earlier were by no means better or more venerable than the later. In the twenties of the nineteenth century this idea was still so unfamiliar, at least to the British mind, that the youthful John Mill's first acquaintance with it, as his "Autobiography" tells us, revolutionized his "system of political philosophy." But it was this, in essence, that constituted the theme of the *scienza nuova* which Vico proclaimed in 1725. He thus foreshadowed that historical or revolutionary relativism which was to dominate much of the thought of the later century—the habit of making allowances for the stage of development reached by any social group, of regarding political systems and even moral values as relative to specific historic situations, and of viewing those situations themselves as continuously in process of transformation.

It was under the guidance of this general insight that Vico was led to anticipate the historical science of a much later day in those new "rules of method" which Croce briefly enumerates:

> . . . his skepticism as regards the narratives of ancient historians, his recognition of the superiority of documents and monuments over narrative, his investigation of language as a storehouse of primitive beliefs and customs, his social interpretation of mythology, his emphasis on the spontaneous development rather than the external communication of civilization, his care not to interpret primitive psychology in the light of modern psychology [*i. e.*, not to assume the mental processes of a savage to be essentially like those of an eighteenth-century *philosophe*].

And it was this methodological wisdom which, in turn, made it possible for Vico to hit upon particular historical facts or hypotheses the rediscovery of which was to be the foundation of the fame of not a few later writers. Such were the theory of the popular origin and composite character of the Homeric epics, the reconstruction of Roman history, the interpretation of the greater part of it as an economic class-struggle, the new appreciation of Dante, the doctrine (enunciated as a novel paradox by Macaulay in 1825, in the essay on Milton which established his reputation) that poetry, since it should be simple and sensuous and deal with particulars rather than universals, is the more natural expression of a barbaric than of a highly civilized age.

Yet Vico was so far the child of his time that he was unable to conceive of the phases of a people's or of humanity's history as an unbroken progression; it was for him rather a repeated cyclic process, in which three ascending stages were regularly followed by two stages of retrogression, bringing in a "reflux of barbarism." His great idea, moreover, apparently came to him as a deduction from an essentially fantastic idea. The basis of his philosophy was the principle that a mind can know adequately and with certitude only that which it has itself made. Hence Vico regarded with skepticism physical science and, still more, metaphysics—except when "revelation" supplements our natural powers. For since man did not make the external world, he cannot truly know it. But the institutions and the processes of human society are man's own work; and it was therefore in history and in what would now be called anthropology and sociology that Vico found the proper study of mankind. As so often has happened in the history of ideas, a profound and permanently valuable thought emerged as a seeming by-product of a crude and ephemeral one.

Croce's exposition sometimes presupposes an acquaintance with Vico's text which the non-Italian reader is unlikely to possess. For the most part, however, it gives a readable as well as a highly illuminating account of the entire movement of the philosopher's thought; and it will probably long remain the most authoritative treatment of the subject. In nearly all respects the book is an admirable example of the way in which the history of philosophy should be written.

A GREAT LADY.

Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine, 1522-90. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

This book is decidedly superior to the average run of attractively printed and sumptuously illustrated "romantic" biographies of illustrious personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have poured forth in steadily increasing profusion from English and American presses during the past ten years. The author is well acquainted with the period, as her numerous previous works attest; she has read around her special subject as well as upon it; she has utilized manuscripts as well as printed sources, and most of her statements are supported by accurate references to them. There are a few minor errors and inconsistencies, especially in matters of chronology; and the text and footnotes sometimes fail to show that the author has availed herself of all the information contained in the works cited in her very copious bibliography.

Considering the length and cosmopolitanism of her career, it is certainly surprising that no modern biography of Christina of Denmark has hitherto been written. She is best known to the world by the famous portrait, now in the National Gallery, which Holbein painted in 1538 at the command of Henry VIII, and with which that monarch was so delighted that he promptly fell in love with its subject, and vowed that he would have the Duchess even if she came to him without a farthing. It is in a way poetic justice that Isabella should be thus immortalized by a portrait painted with a matrimonial end in view, for her whole career is a significant exemplification of the policy epitomized in the phrase *tu, felix Austria, nube.* She was the offspring of a union arranged by the Emperor Maximilian for the purpose of introducing Hapsburg influence into the Scandinavian lands in the north—her mother, Isabella, granddaughter of the old Emperor and sister of the future Charles V, being married in 1515 to Christian II of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But the miraculous success which usually attended Maximilian's dynastic ventures was in this case conspicuous by its absence. Less than eight years after his marriage Christian of Denmark was deposed and driven from his realms with his wife and three children, of whom Christina was the youngest. He was forced to seek refuge at the Hapsburg court in the Netherlands, and his efforts to regain his lost throne, in 1532, ended, as is well known, with his capture and lifelong imprisonment.

Two years later his daughter Christina, at the early age of twelve, was wedded to Francesco Sforza, of Milan, in token of the latter's reconciliation with the triumphant House of Austria. The death of Francesco in October, 1535, left Christina widowed and childless; during the next six years her hand was vainly sought by various kings and princes until, in 1541, she wedded François, Duke of Lorraine, again as a measure to strengthen the position of the House of Hapsburg. The marriage was altogether happy, and three children were born of it, but, like Christina's earlier union, it was cut short by the untimely death of her husband in 1545. She never married again, but devoted herself for the remainder of her life to the administration of Lorraine, to the advancement of the interests of her Hapsburg kinsmen, and to their reconciliation with the race of Valois. She presided at the Peace Conference of Cateau Cambrésis in 1559. Her unceasing efforts for the glory and welfare of the Imperial house are the more remarkable after the Emperor's death, in view of the neglect and injustice which she suffered at the hands of Philip II during the last thirty years of her life—a treatment traceable in large measure to Christina's frank disapproval of his policy in the Netherlands and in Milan, and to her intimacy with many of the leaders of the Dutch revolt.

It is a pity that the author does not give us fuller information concerning this latter half of her subject's life. Whether it is that material is lacking, or that political and diplomatic negotiations have been deliberately sacrificed to descriptions of marriages and courtships, one somehow feels that less than justice has been done to these important years. From beginning to end, however, the book holds the reader's attention, and gives a faithful portrait of one of the most charming, high-minded, loyal, and devoted women of a period in which feminine influence was unusually predominant in political life.

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Notes

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces for early publication "Love Insurance," by Earl Derr Biggers.

"The Dons of the Old Pueblo," by Percival J. Cooney, and "Idle Hours in a Library," by William Henry Hudson, will be published shortly by Rand, McNally & Co.

On the autumn list of the Century Company are "The Lure of the Land," by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and "Recent American Diplomacy," by W. Morgan Shuster.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the publication to-day of two additional volumes in the Home University Library series: "Sex," by J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes, and "Wars Between England and America," by Theodore C. Smith. The same house announces the immediate publication of a vocabulary edition of Gustav Frenssen's "Peter Moors Fahrt Nach Sudwest," prepared by Herman Babson.

The University of Chicago Press announces the forthcoming publication of: Volume VIII of the Proceedings of the American Sociological Society; Part II of the Thirteenth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education; "The Osteology of Some American Permian Vertebrates," by Samuel W. Williston; the Lincoln and Douglas Debates (Publications of the Chicago Historical Society). For publication in the autumn the same press announces the first two volumes in the University of Chicago Science series: "The Origin of the Earth," by Thomas C. Chamberlin, and "Isolation and Measurement of the Electron," by Robert A. Millikan.

H. C. Washburn's "Illustrated Case Inscriptions from the Official Catalogue of the Trophy Flags of the United States Navy," while intended primarily as a guide to the collection at the Naval Academy, has usefulness also for students of American naval history. The flags, 172 in number, occupying forty-one cases and twenty-three panelled spaces, are reproduced in full-page process illustrations, with the descriptions relating to them opposite. The preface gives an interesting account of the delicate and ingenious method of restoring and preserving the flags.

"In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers," by C. H. J. Snider (Lane; $1.50 net), is described in a sub-title as having to do with "Fights and Flights of Frigates & Fore-'n'-afters in the War of 1812-1815 on the Great Lakes." These fights and flights are made to live again by resort to the method of dialogue, and by a vivid, conversational style throughout. The author has genuine narrative skill and an evidently congenial subject.

With no indication in the latest and twelfth volume of any approach to completion, "The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce" (Neale) continue on their way. Notices in the *Nation* of earlier volumes have mentioned appreciatively the solid and enduring portions of Mr. Bierce's work, and deplored the judgment that has attached them to a greatly preponderating mass of ephemera. Following the principle that frozen journalism makes literature, the *édition de luxe* has still probably in the neighborhood of a million words of Mr. Bierce's newspaper-work to convert into material for a gentleman's library.

The title of Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet's book about Greece, "Days in Attica" (The Macmillan Co; $2 net), with its pleasant reminiscence of Aulus Gellius, has not been so strictly interpreted as to prevent the author from allowing the traveller in Attica to make the proper approach, historically and geographically, by way of Crete and the Argive plain. Professor Bosanquet's share in the discoveries of recent years in Crete is well known to scholars; familiarity with the conditions and results of his work and of the work of other archæologists has enabled his wife to write authoritatively if lightly of the brilliant old life revealed by excavation. Her book deals agreeably and clearly with the more obscure chapters of Attic history, Byzantine times, the days of Frankish rule when Walter of Brienne was Duke of Athens, the dark age under the Turks with the Venetian interlude, and the period of rediscovery and loot that preceded the birth of modern Greece. Each of these periods has left interesting physical records in Attica, too often overlooked. Finally, in describing modern Greece, Mrs. Bosanquet's book gives, instead of the hasty impressions of a traveller, the experience of one who has lived in the country and learned to know intimately its aspects and its people. It would be ungracious to express regret that a volume which contains so much should omit almost entirely to suggest the literary associations that make Greece a haunted land. If it had dealt with these it would have had to double its bulk. But it may be permitted to hope that in a future edition the admirable bibliography will include the Allinsons' "Greek Lands and Letters."

The ambitious lady who changed her name from Gubbins to the more eligible-sounding Oscroft lacked sadly the light afforded by Ernest Weekley's "Romance of Names" (Dutton; $1.25 net); for she would have learned that Oscroft was derived from some humdrum toiler by an ox pasture, whereas Gubbins, as *Gobin,* crossed the channel with the Conqueror. The reader of this diverting book (a companion to the author's "Romance of Words") must, indeed, smile at its title, for its quest of name-origins rarely leads to anything very romantic. Rather it hunts down the fiction dear to family vanity with implacably disillusioning fact. Thus surnames derived from place-names, instead of pointing to ancestral ownership, were usually acquired when the locality was left. "John Tiler leaving Acton, perhaps for Acton's good, would be known in his new surroundings as John Acton." Napier of Merchiston took the motto *n'a pier* (has no equal), "but his ancestor was a servant who looked after the napery." Seymours may derive from the aristocratic St. Maur, but only by threading their way back among numerous Seamers or tailors. Gosling, it is true, has suffered a sea-change from Jocelyn, but this fine name dwindles etymologically into "little Josse." Sometimes we are left with a choice. Boon and Bone families may stop either with *le bon* or *de Bohun,* according as they affect kind hearts or coronets. Professor Weekley has kept a middle course between a too learned and a superficially popular treatment. Although constrained by limits of space to forego the proofs of his derivations, he shows by his handling of a specimen problem in the name Rutter that he has a critical command of the sources.

Ground that has been tilled many times before is turned over again in Henry R. Norton's "The Story of California" (McClurg; $1.50 net). Mr. Norton tells the romantic story in entertaining fashion and without tiresome details, beginning with the time when the number of Indians in the region now known as California was estimated at 700,000 and ending with the great earthquake and fire of 1906. "The Old Franciscan Missions of California" (Little, Brown; $1.50 net), by George Wharton James, covers in detail a period to which Mr. Norton could give only a few chapters. It is based on Mr. Wharton's "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," and offers nothing new in the way of research, its aim being to serve as a guide to the tourists who are becoming increasingly interested in the Franciscan Fathers. "Through Our Unknown Southwest" (McBride; $2 net), by Agnes C. Laut, is concerned in about equal proportions with the scenic wonders, the climate, and the inhabitants of that fascinating region. The writer takes us through forests, telling how men became millionaires by rifling the public domain. She tells how one can travel economically here and in the land of the cliff-dwellers, the petrified forests, and the painted desert, concerning all of which many interesting details are given. A chapter is devoted to San Antonio, the Cairo of America. The book as a whole is a strong plea for the doctrine that tourists will find America quite as well worth seeing as Europe.

One knows in advance that a volume on Euripides by Gilbert Murray will be anything but dull, and one's expectations in this wise are met by the little book, "Euripides and His Age," which is among the recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net, each). In the introduction is a pregnant comparison of the Victorian age with the Periclean, farther on a contrast between poets, ancient and modern, which is not to the advantage of the moderns, and always that discriminating praise of the greatness of the Athenian civilization which is characteristic of Dr. Murray. The author's vigorous taking up of the cudgels on behalf of the Sophists, his plea for a higher place than is usually assigned to Euripides, his mocking at the worship of tradition that so often bound the Greeks of that day and held them from understanding the playwright—these are but a few of the matters that make the volume as readable as it is thought-provoking. Another of this series, dealing with a literary subject, is H. N. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle," in which the ideas and achievements of Thomas Paine, William Godwin, Shelley, and Mary Wollstonecraft are critically examined and clearly set forth. "The history of the French Revolution in England begins with a sermon and ends with a poem." In such direct, forthright sentences is the book written, but without the dogmatism that sometimes accompanies that style. We are carried into a far different region by William R. Shepherd's "Latin America," a volume that sets itself a definite task and sticks to it in the face of frequent temptation to overstep the limits chosen. The plan of the book is, not to take up the twenty countries separately, one after another, but to present phases of their civilization, speak-

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ing of the individual nations in drawing comparisons and contrasts among them with reference to the topic under consideration. The first sixty pages, although analytical rather than chronological, cover the period before the struggle for independence; the remaining 180, along with what narrative account is necessary, give a picture of the economic, social, political, and cultural conditions now prevailing. The result is the best volume, for the size, upon the subject. The index is inadequate.

No timelier topic could be presented than that of unemployment, which is handled by Prof. A. C. Pigou. The comprehensiveness of his treatment is shown by the fact that he considers not only the remedies for lack of work, but also, since "not even the adoption of all of them together would avail to abolish unemployment," palliatives for this unfortunate condition. Among these palliatives he reckons as chief the device of meeting periods of depression by organized short-time work, instead of the usual dismissal of employees, and the device of insurance against unemployment. The danger of simulating inability to find a job, which makes so many persons of humanitarian inclinations doubtful of the practicability of unemployment insurance, Professor Pigou feels is warded off either by leaving it to the trade unions to manage as a private scheme, or by the development of labor exchanges, which take upon themselves the whole task of bringing together the workman and his work. In this country, certainly at the present time, neither of these methods could be relied upon to extend the benefits of such insurance to more than a very small proportion of the workers. Co-partnership and profit-sharing, which are the subjects of a volume by Aneurin Williams, are also much farther advanced abroad than in the United States. For this very reason, Mr. Williams's account of these developments in England and France ought to be of interest to us, especially as he includes in his survey what has been done in this country in those directions. His book was written before the Ford plan of profit-sharing was announced, but he has other examples of significance, notably that of the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis, which includes its customers along with its employees in a co-partnership arrangement. Paul Vinogradoff's "Common-Sense in Law" demands closer thinking than the title would suggest. It is not a volume dealing with the demands for simplification of legal processes, but a thoughtful examination of the nature and the rules of law. Finally, we have two volumes on scientific subjects: "Nerves," by David Fraser Harris, and "The Ocean," by Sir John Murray. Professor Harris sets forth in non-technical language the place and powers of the nervous system, while Sir John Murray gives a general account of "the science of the sea," from the depth of the ocean to the life, plant and animal, that flourishes in it.

There is something Christian in the spirit of Virgil's pastorals. Victor Hugo saw that the dawn of Bethlehem had first lightened the forehead of Rome. Intuition, no less than the allegorical method, led the Church Fathers to find in the mysterious prophecy of the fourth Eclogue something akin to the Jewish hope and the Christian belief in the coming of the Messiah. That Virgil knew the book of Isaiah at first or second hand is a perfectly possible, but by no means necessary supposition; we do not need it to account for the tender, brooding mysticism of the poem and its Messianic prospect of better things to come. There we had better let the matter rest. Not so Mr. Vincent A. Fitz Simon, M.D., who, in "The Ten Christian Pastorals of Virgil" (Little & Ives), finds meanings that put the primitive exegesis of a Lactantius or a Fulgentius to the blush. The clue is a cipher, which we have studied, but do not pretend to have mastered. A table of "allotrops" shows how, by the substitution of one letter for another, the word *locus*, for instance, by "straight reading gives *rogus, varus, oecus, bolus, palus, fucus, cocus, garus, lucus*, etc.," while "transposition gives *pasco, posco, equus, aulus, lator, pluma, turba, credo*, etc." It would be a dull wit that could not with such help find all the articles of the Christian faith in the Eclogues, or, indeed, in any Pagan work. The author discovered his cipher in Hesiod, corroborated it in Homer, and promises soon "The Christian Odes of Horace." We are not surprised that the Scholiasts and the Schoolmen knew the art, or that the writer of "Shakspere's Plays" (quotation marks not our own) practiced it in his works. The author knows his Virgil, the merely literal Virgil, well, and translates him into rather pleasant blank verse. A valuable by-product of a crazy theory is, not infrequently, a minute acquaintance with the facts which the theorist wishes to transcend.

The arrangement of Shakespeare's sonnets in the first edition, which was published by Thomas Thorpe in 1609, is, of course, not authoritative. Consequently, from the second edition (1640) on, various attempts at rearranging them have been made. It is incredible, however, that Thorpe's publication should offer us a mere jumble, which one is at liberty to reshuffle like a pack of cards, yet this is the implication of "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence" (Putnam: $1.75 net), by the Countess de Chambrun. She offers here in her seventh chapter a reprint of the sonnets, but in a new order, "grouped by subjects." For instance, opening the book at random, we find the following sonnets printed in the order given: 53, 106, 68, 126, 37, 91, 48, and so on. This procedure results in the separation of sonnets that obviously belong together. Thus No. 72, which is the second in a group of five written in anticipation of the poet's death, is set between Nos. 90 and 92; and No. 103, which is the last of a group of three that apologize for a period of silence in praising the person addressed, is placed among the sonnets that deal with the theme of the rival poets.

The author's proposed new grouping of the sonnets throughout strikes us as highly injudicious. The first five chapters are devoted to a rambling discussion of the thorny problems that are connected with these famous poems, without adding anything new to knowledge. Most people will agree that Shakespeare's "fair youth" was very likely the Earl of Southampton, and Chapman will do as well as any other for the rival in his art whom the poet especially fears; but it takes a stronger faith than ours to believe that the "W. S." of Willobie's "Avisa" (1594) was Shakespeare, or to follow Mr. Acheson, as our author seems inclined to do, in his identification of the "dark lady" of the sonnets with the mother of Sir William Davenant. Countess Chambrun points out that in the British Museum copy of Thorpe's edition the first 126 sonnets, according to marginal indications, constitute Series I, the next 26 Series II, and the concluding two sonnets Series III. But this discovery (if such it be) has little value, for previous students of the sonnets have recognized just these divisions in Thorpe's arrangement of the sonnets. Finally, we may remark that the author does not quote quite accurately the passage from "Love's Labour's Lost": "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps" (Act V, sc. i). Moreover, the words are spoken by Moth, not by Biron. Altogether, the reprint *in extenso* of Rowe's "Life of Shakespeare" (Appendix I) seems to us the only valuable part of this work.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

An important precedent has been set by the House of Commons in deciding to appoint a committee to consider the grievances of post-office employees. The committee is to consist of a representative of the department itself, two representatives of the staff, and a representative of the Treasury, with a chairman appointed by the Board of Trade. This body will possibly be the model of a permanent Civil Service Conciliation Board, to deal with every difficulty as it arises in any of the governmental departments. At present there is a good deal of concern as to the increasing pressure exercised by public servants upon members of Parliament, especially in those constituencies where there are large bodies of voters of this class. Some kind of independent committee seems desirable for the control of matters relating to conditions of work and labor in Government employment—of course, with Parliament still retaining the authority to prescribe the general conditions under which it will act.

Addressing a recent meeting of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll took a hopeful view of the prospects of English literature. In his warning against pessimism he recalled how, in 1859, Cardinal Newman said that the canon of classical literature was closed and that no more great books had been produced. "Has Cardinal Newman's prophecy been fulfilled?" he asked. "I will mention a few names just as they occur to me: Swinburne, Meredith, Thomas Hardy, the two Rossettis, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and I could give names from the roll of the living."

Pleasant memories hover round the paintings in the collective exhibition of his work which René Ménard is giving in Paris. His pictures are for the most part classical Greek idylls which might illustrate Theocritus; and, in spite of his original color-scheme, their stretches of blue sky and bluer waters, with hillsides where cattle graze and heroes and goddesses foregather in the shade, might well be Sicilian landscape. There was Greek in the family. Among the pictures, the State has lent from the Luxembourg galleries the well-known portrait of the painter's uncle, Louis Ménard. He was called "the last of the Pagans," but might better be named the first of a Renascence of that which is as lasting as Grecian hills and seas. It was he who was Anatole France's master in Greek and Paganism.

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For ten years, this Louis Ménard also painted and had his pictures hung in the annual Salons. Then he retired within himself, known only to the elect few who listened to his discourse as Plato and Alcibiades to Socrates, or Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller to Bronson Alcott. One day he said to Heredia the poet: "I have a dove, let us sacrifice it to Venus." "I don't like pigeon!" was the poet's Modernist reply. Towards the end of his long life in the high solitudes of the Latin Quarter, some one ventured to inquire the fate of his paintings. "Come with me," said Louis Ménard, with his most esoteric air; and leading to his waste room, he pointed to his entire art production—paintings all unsold. The war drew him for a time from his hermitage, and he wrote a letter of note to the London *Daily Telegraph* in defence of the Parisian people. He would have been of the Commune like his friend Vallès, but for a providential pleurisy. The Imperial University had long since rejected his doctor's thesis to show that "Polytheism must be the best religion since it ends inevitably in the Republic!" The son of the great Berthelot, who with Renan was of his inner circle, has gathered his literary w[illegible] in a little volume, which is already hard to find.

A scant compensation for the upsetting of the world in the transformation of Turkey is the opening up of New Rome to our curiosity.

Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples.

What Byron sang and Hubert Robert painted in the first fever of Roman excavation is again to be seen in Constantinople. Beside the sea of Marmora, the palace of the Persian Hormisdas, which was the dwelling of Justinian before he was Emperor, has long lain in ruins beneath figtrees bending with fruit and rose baytrees in flower. Its construction and decoration by the cleverest artists of Constantine's reign were known from history. René Mesguich, who is an architect issuing from the Paris Beaux-Arts, has been entrusted by Alil Bey, director of the Imperial Ottoman museums, with the task of exploring the ruins. Otherwise, they were bound to disappear under modernizing Young Turkey. He is already advanced enough in his work to be able to offer a series of marvellous photographs to the Académie des Inscriptions. They show the noble architectural features which he has found, arcades and terraces and colonnades and sculptures in relief—mutilated by time, but still preserved by enwrapping Nature. The plan of the great palace has been restored entirely. The "Society of Friends of Stamboul" has taken it in hand to avoid the destruction of the remaining ruins. M. Mesguich is now working, with full hopes of success, at the complete reconstitution of the building which was a glory of Byzantine art.

The little town of Fiesole, near Florence, has always been a rich mine of Roman and Etruscan antiquities; the Roman theatre is one of the best preserved in Italy, and excavations from time immemorial have brought to light many valuable finds. Some forty years ago a few architectural fragments, discovered in clearing the ruins of the theatre, were collected in a warehouse in the Palazzo Pretorio; four years later other objects obtained from public bodies and private persons were added to the collection. In 1910 important excavations were made, and the objects unearthed were so numerous that the old quarters proved insufficient to house them. It was decided, therefore, to erect a new museum. The building, which was begun in 1912, has now been opened, and forms an important addition to the attractions of Fiesole. The Museum Faesulanum is in the style of an Ionic temple with a colonnaded pronaos and elegant decorations in the classical manner. The architect is Sig. Ezio Cerpi, while the arrangement of the collections is the work of Sig. Edoardo Galli, who has also provided a useful guidebook to the antiquities of the town. Among the many funereal steles here exhibited is one which had been lost 150 years ago, and was rediscovered by Sig. Galli himself; it is adorned with a hunting scene and two Elysian scenes—a dance and a banquet. Among the Roman objects one of the most important is a marble sarcophagus decorated with a scene of the chase of Meleager, a fine specimen of Greek art of the second century. Among the objects of especial interest for Fiesole are the fragments of a bronze wolf discovered in 1882 and the marble frieze which had decorated the *pulpitum* in the orchestra of the theatre; on it are represented a youthful Dionysus with a panther and Eros, while at the sides are heavenly and marine monsters, satyrical masks, and winged genii. Sig. Galli believes that the nucleus of this piece of sculpture formed part of the temple of Claudius, who had restored the theatre, which dates from the days of Sulla, and that it was afterwards altered during the reign of the Emperor Septimius Severus, who rebuilt the theatre. There are also many fragments of a huge temple discovered between the theatre and the Acropolis, of which little is known. The objects of the Barbarian age are of trifling importance.

In connection with the Berne exposition, a meeting was held at the Swiss capital, attended by Russian professors, newspaper men, and diplomatists from various parts of Europe, to discuss the proposal to found a Russian university in western or central Europe. It was decided to establish in one of the larger European cities a university for Russian students who, prevented for political or other reasons from obtaining higher education in their own country, are forced to apply for admission at the German, French, and Swiss universities. Of late the German authorities have been discouraging this immigration, partly because many of those matriculated entertain revolutionary ideas, and partly because the German students themselves complained that the foreigners took up too much room in the lecture rooms and laboratories. As a consequence of this, the Russians passed on to Switzerland. Until the new university building was opened a few months ago, the Slav invasion caused much crowding and inconvenience at Zürich. At Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva, the same conditions prevailed. It has not yet been decided whether the new Russian institution shall be independent, or established as an annex to some university already existent. It seems probable, however, that it will be situated at Geneva, that it will be associated with the University of Geneva, and that its students will be admitted to the courses of the Swiss university, although they will have a building of their own, with professors of their own nationality.

Science

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STAMMERING.

Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech. By C. S. Bluemel. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $5 net.

Any physical theory of stammering, according to the author of this book, is thrown out of court by the fact that the stammerer does not always stammer. Consequently he approaches the subject on the psychological side. Following what he takes to be accepted psychological doctrine, he teaches that the speech organs are controlled by mental images. A word must be present "in mind" before it can be spoken; either its sound or the feeling of pronouncing it must be recalled to mind in order to give the speech organs their proper cue for action. The consonants, he believes, are usually recalled by their feeling and the vowels by their sound. Now some individuals have little power of "auditory imagery," *i. e.*, of recalling sounds to mind, and they are likely to be brought to a halt in speaking, for lack of the auditory image of some vowel. They come to a halt upon a consonant, not from any difficulty with the consonant itself, but because they cannot remember how the following vowel sounds nor how the mouth feels in uttering it. The author believes that he has thus laid bare the fundamental cause of stammering, though he recognizes that aggravated forms of the trouble are superinduced by fear, nervousness, and auto-suggestion.

It is to these latter causes that the best modern authorities are inclined to attribute the whole disorder; but the author holds that such a theory does not go to the root of the matter, nor explain the origin of the trouble, which usually occurs in early childhood. "At this age the child is not addicted to reflective self-analysis. He is not an introspectionist; he is an animal leading a sensory-motor life. The child does not reflect upon his own idiosyncrasies; and at an early age his peculiarities of speech pass unnoticed." The author underestimates the reflective powers of children. At about the age of four, the child is rather attentive to his speech, and is subject to considerable criticism from his elders and from other children. If he stumbles or mispronounces, some one is pretty sure to pass remarks and perhaps laugh at him, or urge him to try harder. Thus embarrassment and undue effort are excited and the stammering may become a habit. We have observed this process in boys of four, have seen their evident fear of words on which they had previously stumbled, have heard them say that they "couldn't say that word," and have even found them resorting to that familiar device of the stammerer, circumlocution, in order to avoid a troublesome word. But we have also seen them cured in a few months by simple reassurance and avoidance of ridicule and exhortation.

It must be said, then, that the author does not successfully combat the theory that

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stammering is produced by nervousness, fear, and auto-suggestion. For his own theory, he brings forward no direct evidence, although he is able to explain by it much of the paradoxical behavior of the stammerer. He derives his theory from what he regards as accepted psychological principles, but many psychologists would to-day be very dubious about the important rôle which he assigns to mental images. If the fluent speaker has a succession of verbal images running through his mind, ahead of the spoken words, these images are too elusive to be observed, and the probability is that speech follows thought directly, without the intervention of images. Also, there is no evidence that the stammerer is deficient in verbal imagery in comparison with the fluent speaker.

While the author's positive theory is thus open to doubt, his presentation of the facts of stammering is eminently sane and illuminating; and the same can especially be said of his second volume, in which he summarizes and criticises the numerous devices that are practiced upon the stammerer with the promise of curing him. Merely to pass in review the bewildering array of "cures" that have been invented from time to time, and are continually being put forward as new discoveries, with exaggerated claims, is to conceive a hearty distrust of the whole fraternity of "speech specialists." The author's statistics show that, although a majority of the pupils in "stammering schools" receive some temporary relief, not over two to five per cent. are permanently cured. The stammerer has been for many years the easy prey of the charlatan. This is not to deny the existence of a few sincere and scientific students of the matter; but the author does well, in the interests of stammerers, to show to what an extent they are exposed to humbug and commercial exploitation.

Dr. Frederick W. True, zoölogist and assistant director of the Smithsonian Institution, who died on June 25, was born in Middletown, Conn., on July 8, 1858. He graduated from New York University with the class of 1878, and in 1881 he took an M.S. degree. In 1897 New York University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. He was custodian of the collections of the United States Fish Commission at the Berlin Fisheries exhibition in 1880, and from 1881 to 1883 was librarian of the National Museum. From 1883 to 1892 Dr. True was curator of mammals in the same museum; he was executive curator 1892-9, and head curator of the department of biology 1897-1911. He was appointed assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1911. Among his publications are: "Review of the Family Dephinidæ," 1889; "The Whalebone Whales of the Western North Atlantic," 1904; "An Account of the Beaked Whales of the Family Ziphiidæ," 1910, and also numerous short papers on fossil cetaceans and other mammals. Dr. True was a member of the American Philosophical Society and of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a corresponding member of the Zoölogical Society of London.

Drama and Music

BJÖRNSON IN ENGLISH.

Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson. Second Series. Translated with an introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The present volume, forming the second series of three plays by Björnson which Mr. Björkman has translated, contains "Love and Geography," "Beyond Human Might," which is the second part of "Over Evne," and "Laboremus"—all interesting and significant dramas, no one of which, we believe, has been rendered into English before. The first play is a comedy which ultimately breaks down into sheer farce. A writer on geography becomes so thoroughly possessed by his work that he completely sacrifices his family to his mania for maps. He sends his daughter off to boarding school so that he can have more room for his charts. His cumbersome notes and geographical apparatus encroach more and more upon the rest of the house and drive his wife into smaller and smaller quarters. At last she revolts against his selfishness and leaves home for an extended vacation. In the second act the scholar appears at first delighted with his freedom, then bored, and finally distressed and overwhelmed with loneliness. Thus far the play is full of spirited fun and arouses really thoughtful laughter. It is an exceedingly good study of the nervous irritability and dependent egotism of a high-strung scholar.

The third act is a wild and incoherent romp. The geographer seems to be really in Bessarabia, but his ghost haunts the house and frightens the loutish servant into meaningless horse-play. Ultimately, the scholar is chastened and humbled so that his family can be reëstablished upon a sane basis. This last act is characteristic of much of Björnson's dramatic composition. The creative energy with which he begins a play often seems to fail before he has finished it. One feels that he sets to work with fine poetic enthusiasm, but that before the piece is finished the impulse is spent and he is compelled to express other than the artistic elements of his personality. He finishes this play, begun as a comedy of character, only by drawing heavily upon his almost boundless sources of animal gayety.

"Beyond Human Might" is the second of two plays called "Over Evne." Mr. Björkman published a translation of the first play in his previous volume under the title "Beyond Our Power." It seems a little unfortunate not to have called both dramas by the same name. To be sure, it is not necessary to read one to understand the other; but there is a vital connection between the central ideas of both tragedies. The hero of the first play is a certain Pastor Sang, who deceives himself into believing that he has achieved supernatural power of healing through prayer; the hero of the second play is a son of the clergyman, who is also under the tyranny of the supernatural in a different form. He, too, has something in him that carries him beyond his power; his will is as extravagant in its ambitions as that of his father. He is interested as a philanthropist in the workmen's side of a colossal industrial struggle. He believes that their cause can be really advanced only by some splendid act of martyrdom. Accordingly, in a plot intended to destroy by dynamite a great number of employers assembled in conference, he takes the part which devotes him to death. The plot succeeds; he is killed, and with him every one of the capitalists except their inexorable leader. But the catastrophe only injures the cause of the laborers. Their courage shattered, they are more servile than ever before. One who attempts action beyond human might delays human betterment. The tyranny of the supernatural is inimical to social progress. This idea permeates much of Björnson's later work.

The play during the first three acts, though occasionally melodramatic, is an absorbing and powerful tragedy. The last act shows the author's customary loss of creative ardor. It is a kind of fantastic epilogue in which two young people, Credo and Spera, play important parts. They are the heirs of the obdurate capitalist, who sympathize, nevertheless, with the plans of the martyr's sister for social reform. Their names are fair indications of their nature. They are clearly allegorical figures who serve to express the nineteenth-century worship of the future merely because it is the future. Björnson as clearly as any of his contemporaries believed firmly that the solution of all social problems would be found by letting the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change. Partly because we have begun to see the shallowness of this blind worship of the god of flux, much of Björnson's impassioned preaching seems to-day rather hollow.

"Laboremus," a play published as late as 1901, shows no diminution of the author's power, though it seems much less charged with excitement than his earlier work. It is a psychological study, made clearly in the manner of Ibsen, of the influence which a young musical adventuress, Lydia, exerts upon mankind, and particularly upon a young composer. Her influence is ultimately nullified, however, by another woman, who insists that the egoistic, erotic æstheticism of Lydia yield to an art cognizant of moral values. The play is one of the most charming and most skilfully constructed of all Björnson's dramas.

It is not entirely pleasant to students of Björnson to have him introduced to American readers through Mr. Björkman's imperfect English. The translator has not yet rid himself of certain disagreeable Teutonisms, and does not appreciate the difference between colloquial idioms and downright vulgarisms.

"The True Adventures of a Play" (Mitchell Kennerley), by Louis Evan Shipman, is a little

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book full of useful information and warning for inexperienced and sanguine young dramatists, although it offers little that will seem new or strange to the initiated. It sets forth in detail all the author's negotiations with managers, actors, and agents in the effort to dispose of his comedy, "D'Arcy of the Guards," which, in the end, brought considerable profit to himself and its producers. It cost him three years of continuous disappointment to get a hearing for it in this country, and nine more to secure a London opening. Over and over again in these periods the cup of promise was raised to his lips only to be dashed aside at the critical moment. He tells his story humorously, and it is well worth reading, but the moral of it all would have been more significant if the play itself had been of more distinguished merit. After all, he had better luck than some others, better luck, for instance, than poor Hart Jackson, who vainly hawked "The Two Orphans" about everywhere until, sick and poverty-stricken, he was glad to sell it for a few hundred dollars, while the purchaser made a fortune.

Mr. Edwin Björkman need make no excuse for including the "Five Plays," by Lord Dunsany, in the Modern Drama series (Kennerley; $1.75 net) which he is editing, although they are of uneven quality, and the best of them scarcely deserves the glowing eulogy of his preface. They exhibit, nevertheless, fantastic imagination of an uncommon and powerful order, and are written admirably, in vigorous prose, of almost classic purity. Actually, they are dramatic episodes rather than plays, being very brief, while the virtue in them is descriptive rather than constructive. As Mr. Björkman observes, they belong to no particular category. They are fairy tales, spiced with social and political reflections, charged with cynical insight and a keen sense of theatrical situation. For dramatic effect and satirical humor, "The Gods of the Mountain" is, perhaps, the most striking of the series. In this piece, Agmar, a masterful old beggar, with six associates, impersonates the seven green jade gods, who are the tutelar deities of the city of Kongros and dwell upon the distant hills. For several days they grow fat upon the offerings bestowed upon them by the fearful citizens, ready dupes of their imposition. When the report comes that the stone gods have left their ancient seats and are coming to town, the scoffing Agmar, equally contemptuous of gods and fools, refuses to believe it, but presently the stone images march in upon him, and he and his horrified confederates are petrified where they sit. This preternatural vengeance is out of harmony with the whole tone of the play, but it is ably stage-managed, with all the apparent sincerity of veritable tragedy, and the arch-impostor, Agmar, who is so signally punished for his irreverence, is a vital and original sketch.

"The Golden Doom," also a satire on priestly inspiration and superstition generally, is a clever conceit, ingeniously developed. A little boy, desiring a new hoop, scribbles a nursery rhyme on the iron door of a mighty king's treasure house, and so starts a panic. The high priests solemnly decide that it is a portent from the stars, whose worship has been neglected. Nothing, they say, can avert calamity from the kingdom, save the sacrifice of that which is dearest to the King, his pride. Thereupon, the monarch humbly deposits his crown and sceptre before the door as a peace offering to the gods. These the little boy secretly appropriates to use them as hoop and hoop-stick, and upon their disappearance there is great rejoicing, because clearly the wrath of the gods has been appeased. The tale is told with imposing gravity, picturesque imagination, and a rich under-current of satirical humor. Original in idea, fresh and dramatic in treatment, it has both literary excellence and dramatic point. In "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" there is less originality of theme, but the narrative is exceedingly vivid. The sense of atmosphere, that of far Oriental antiquity, is strongly marked. Argimenes, deposed and enslaved by King Darniak—an abject wretch, glad to gnaw the bones of a dead dog—finds in the dirt an old sword, which inspires him to head his fellow slaves in revolt, and enables him to slay and supplant his tyrant. In the moment of triumph his first thought is of bones and water. On the surface, this is a story of the Arabian Nights, but the real theme is the readiness of submerged masses to rise against their oppressors whenever they can find a leader, and it is illustrated with trenchant speech and much picturesqueness of detail. The other two plays, "The Glittering Gate" and "The Lost Silk Hat," are clever in their way, but may be dismissed briefly. The first, in which two criminal ghosts find the reported joys of Heaven to be fictitious, belongs to a somewhat cheap order of grotesque irreverence, while the other is a clever bit of farcical nonsense. But the volume, as a whole, reveals the author as a writer of lively, powerful, and sometimes poetic imagination, with revolutionary ideals and real literary ability.

Sydney Grundy, the dramatist, who died in London on July 5, was born at Manchester, England, on March 23, 1848. He was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and became a barrister in 1869, practicing his profession in Manchester until 1876. He was unmarried and was a member of the Dramatists' and Garrick Clubs, in London. His first play was a one-act piece which he called "A Little Change." It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London, and received favorable notice, although it was not conspicuously successful. His next attempt, "Mammon," a three-act comedy, was produced in 1877, and obtained the approval of W. H. Vernon. Then followed "The Snowball," in three acts, in 1879, and "In Honour Bound," in one act, in 1880. Mr. Grundy wrote the libretto of "The Vicar of Bray" in 1882, and in 1892, after having been successful with several other plays, he wrote the libretto of "Haddon Hall" for Sir Arthur Sullivan. Other plays were: "A Pair of Spectacles" in 1890, "The Degenerates," 1899; "Frocks and Frills," 1902; "The Garden of Lies," 1904; "Business Is Business," 1905, and "A Fearful Joy," 1908.

The operas selected for the opening week (September 14 to 19) of the Century Opera Company, in the renovated Century Theatre, are Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" and Bizet's "Carmen," both of which have been unduly neglected in New York in recent years. Each week an opera will be added to the repertory, alternating with one of the preceding week. Thus, in addition to the two works named, during the first four weeks "La Bohême," "William Tell," and "Traviata" will be produced.

In view of Mr. Dippel's intention to end his season at the Century Theatre next spring with a series of Offenbach, Lecocq, and Planquette revivals, it is of interest to note that in Paris these composers are still in favor. The Gaîté-Lyrique gave, last year, seventy-eight performances of "Les Cloches de Corneville" (known in America as "The Chimes of Normandy"), sixty-five of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and forty of "La Fille du Tambour-Major."

A striking illustration of the saying that there is always room at the top is to be found in Dresden, where the late Ernst von Schuch's place as chief operatic conductor is not to be filled at present because, as the official announcement states, there is no first-class authority available to take his place.

Although singers and players are now able to obtain better pianists to accompany them than at any previous time, the death of Erich Wolff, a year ago, was felt as a great calamity. One reason why he was able to accompany songs so sympathetically was that he composed good songs himself. Shortly before his death, in Berlin, he made arrangements with the representative of an American publisher to have his songs printed with English texts.

On looking at the official figures of the performances of the Paris Opéra in 1913 one would conclude that Richard Wagner is the favorite opera composer in France, for seven of his operas received forty-eight performances in all. Verdi came next, with thirty-two performances of two operas; Gounod's "Faust" was heard twenty-five times; Massenet was represented by his "Thaïs" and "Roma," which, together, were sung eighteen times. At the Opéra-Comique, however, five of Massenet's other operas had, altogether, ninety hearings, while at the Gaîté-Lyrique twenty-three performances of his "Don Quichotte" and "Panurge" were given. This record makes Massenet, with 131 representations of nine operas, decidedly the favorite composer in Paris. Yet in London Massenet has hardly yet been discovered! Next to him, the most popular composers at the Opéra-Comique were Puccini, whose "Bohême," "Tosca," and "Butterfly" had fifty-eight performances; Charpentier, whose "Louise" and "Julien" together reached the figure forty-five, and Bizet, whose "Carmen" was heard forty times.

Edgar Poe's "The Bells" has been set to music by the Russian composer Rachmaninoff. Its first performance was conducted by the composer himself at Moscow, where it aroused much enthusiasm, as the correspondent of the London *Musical Record* relates. It consists of four movements, the first expressing the sheer delight of living; the second, the awakening of love. The third part presents a tone picture of a great fire, with alarm bells and the attempts of men to fight the conflagration. A funeral march is heard throughout the final movement, with tolling bells and other mournful sounds.

Bell sounds are coming more and more into vogue in concert pieces and operas. Wagner and Grieg showed the way. It was no doubt Grieg's "Glokkenklang" (which Anton Seidl arranged for orchestra) that suggested to Debussy the musical possibilities in the overtones of bells. Now comes Leo Ornstein, whose "Deux Impressions de Notre-Dame" a London reviewer calls "the most interesting studies in bell tones which have yet been heard."

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Art

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

LONDON, June 25.

For the first time, a representative exhibition of American art has been made in London. An excellent show was held by Americans in Paris in 1900, a second a few years ago in Berlin, and a third in Rome. But London hitherto has seen little of American art save the work of American artists who live there. Now, however, at this summer's Anglo-American Exposition, at Shepherd's Bush, London has at last given the chance Paris, Berlin, and Rome gave, and advantage has been taken of it. Work comes from American artists at home, from American artists on the Continent with headquarters in Paris, from American artists in Great Britain. I do not believe that ever, in New York or Philadelphia, Chicago or St. Louis, have these three groups joined together in a more characteristic collection. America sends paintings by Alexander, Chase, De Camp, Henri, Cecilia Beaux, Vonnoh, Dewing, Tarbell, Arthur B. Davies, Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, by Redneld, Gardner Symons, Metcalf, Schofield, Dougharty; also drawings in a variety of mediums by almost all the better-known illustrators. Paris contributes examples of the older painters there—MacEwen, Dannat, Alexander Harrison, Melchers, Elizabeth Nourse—as well as of the younger men—Frieseke, Richard Miller, Maurer, Hawthorne, Max Bohm, Walter Griffin, Ullman, Van der Weyden, Hopkins. London is well to the fore with Whistler and Abbey among the dead, and with Sargent, McLure Hamilton, Pennell, Mark Fisher, Mura, Muhrman, Clifford Addams, MacLaughlan, Charles Henry White, Wehrschmidt.

The names alone will give some idea of the quality of the collection. It would be useless to describe the work in detail, for most of it has been exhibited more or less recently in American galleries, at the Paris Salons, and at different exhibitions in London. Besides, in any case, the present interest would be, above all, in the opportunity of seeing it under one roof with a collection of British work and of studying the comparative tendencies and accomplishment of the two countries. I ought in justice to add that on the British side the opportunity is by no means as complete as it should and might be. The British, on these international occasions, usually succeed in giving an official rather than a representative show. Nothing else could be expected when the matter is left to the Royal Societies under the auspices of the Royal Academy. Within these limits, the committee no doubt have spared no pains, the British section no doubt comes fully up to their ideals; they have even borrowed from the past to strengthen the present, according to their ideas of strength. But if men of yesterday, like Millais, Watts, Cecil Lawson, Buxton Knight, Albert Moore, have a place; on the other hand, among the absent are men like Nicholson, Clausen, John, Lavery, Brangwyn, Orpen (though himself on the committee), Ricketts, and far too many members of the younger and more independent bodies, as well as the more independent Academicians—artists who, if not exactly masters, are at least far more representative of the accomplishment and tendencies of British art at the present day. However, a fairly suggestive comparison is still possible.

The first thing that strikes one is the difference in the arrangement of the two sections. The walls in the British section are a decided improvement on the walls in the Academy, but, then, the old Academic method of hanging has found rebels within the Academy itself, as one of the rooms there this year proves, and overcrowding, now that every other country has learned the mistake, is beginning to go out of fashion even in England. But merely not to overcrowd is not to make beautiful walls. Something more is needed, and this something more, which the British section does not provide, the American does. The three American groups remain distinct in the galleries and the catalogue: the work from home under the charge of Hugo Reisinger, chairman of the American committee, kept together; the work from Paris, hung by Frieseke and Van der Weyden in its special rooms; and so also the work from London, arranged apart by McLure Hamilton and Pennell. Painters often are not the best hangers, but in the rooms of the Paris and London groups there is feeling not only for space, but for balance, for pattern, for decorative harmony. The tone of the background has been considered. The result is that the walls impress one with a sense of beauty, color, design, before a painting or drawing is looked at for itself; and I know of nothing more charming in its way than the long narrow room in which, under a velarium, against silvery white lines, divided into panels by the black woodwork and a gilt moulding, the lithographs, etchings, pastels, and water-colors of the Americans in London are hung: for each, a separate series that does justice to the artist and his work.

That all work must gain from good and sympathetic hanging there can be no question. But it is not simply because of the arrangement that the American section is so great a contrast to the British. To pass from the British galleries into the American is to find one's self in a new atmosphere. It is impossible for the least observant not to be conscious of the difference. But for almost a month the London critics held their peace. Within a fortnight of the opening of the show only two notices had appeared. Now that others are getting into print, the silence is broken by the faint praise that is worse than loud abuse. It must be confessed that this is a disappointment to all who have worked to make the exhibition the distinguished success it is.

With the exception of one or two critics who have been genuinely interested and not ashamed to admit it, the few who have ventured beyond the most perfunctory notice have had but the same criticism to make. American art, they say, owes its inspiration to France, is but a reflection of French art, has developed no national characteristics. But Americans, to oblige the British critics, could not at the start have forgotten the centuries of tradition they carried with them from Europe in order to take over the aboriginal traditions of the Red Indian; nor could they object in recent years to study in Paris, since it has been the chief artistic school for Europe and America both. It would be quite as true to say that British art as seen at Shepherd's Bush shows French influence, for many of the British artists who are represented have also imported methods from Paris. France alone cannot be held responsible for the enormous difference in the work of the two countries; neither is it a difference that can be attributed altogether to subject. Americans paint much the same kind of subject as British artists, though, unless painting for illustration, they are less addicted to anecdote, and though, of course, detail has its American character.

But it is in their attitude to their subject that they differ—in the greater life and vitality, the keener concern for technique, the fresher vision, the more independent point of view they bring to it, and to their treatment of it. This may not invariably mean greater accomplishment. The fact is, there are many things which, for the credit of American art, might better have remained at home. But there is no question that as a whole the collection gives an impression of life and energy not found in the work of British artists, whose philandering with French methods never quite frees them from their inherited restrictions and dull technical routine. The American artist may be dealing with a problem appropriated from other lands or other schools—a problem making no claim to originality—but he approaches it with a zest, an energy, a straightforwardness all his own that forces you to look with interest at the result he gets from it, no matter if you do not always approve. He gives you the same comfortable assurance of a vitality equal to the problem that I have so often pointed out as the chief merit of Sargent's paintings when they hang in the midst of anæmic Academic commonplace at Burlington House.

If the subjects of the American artist do not differ very materially from those of the British artist, he paints them under a very different light and in a very different atmosphere. The Englishman who has never been in America and knows nothing of its high luminous skies, its pure brilliant sunshine, its clear distances, its delicate foliage, may see affectation or sheer invention in many of the American landscapes and studies of light. The illumination in Childe Hassam's canvases, for instance; the radiance that fills the sky in Redfield's snow scenes, the tender purity

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of Alden Weir's night, these effects are as American as are the details in Pennell's Panama, Philadelphia, and New York lithographs. It is for this reason that the landscapes strike one as still more distinctly American and more original, perhaps, than portraits painted in the even studio light which is much the same in all countries. Portraits by Alexander and Miss Beaux, Henri, and Wiles might have been painted in London for anything characteristically American in the lighting.

If the landscape painters use their eyes to see the landscape before them as it is, and not as a convention to which they think it should be reduced, one or two have a trick of looking at it almost as if through a camera. It is hard to understand why they should, for this photographic vision betrays itself in the canvases of some of the most accomplished and brilliant painters who are too sound draughtsmen to be in need of the prop of a snap-shot or to be bothered with it. It is probably a defect of the eyes which, if not corrected, might in the end mislead the painter almost as hopelessly as the use of the *camera lucida* eventually ruined the vision of Rico and other Spaniards of his day.

To few artists of late years has been given such a chance to devote themselves to mural decoration as to the Americans. It is a pity that it was impossible to include examples of their work. The decorative intention may be obvious in the paintings of men like Frieseke, Richard Miller, Ullman, but these as obviously were not designed to fill any definite wall space. The only compositions done frankly for decoration come from two artists living in England: Mrs. Sargent Florence, who shows the big cartoons for her frescoes in Oakham Old School, and James M. Willcox, who exhibits, I believe, for the first time, and whose panel, though there is no mistaking the source of its inspiration, gives decorative promise both in color and line. The illustrations, contributed by the American Society of Illustrators, extremely well hung and grouped as they are, prove, with a few exceptions, a disappointment. They are mostly the elaborate oil paintings and color designs in vogue to-day, when American editors and publishers seem to be forgetting the high standards and splendid work of the last quarter of the last century. Of that period there are a few fine reminders in the rooms of the American artists resident in London, where Abbey's pen drawings for "She Stoops to Conquer" and some of the Old English Songs hang together with a beautiful series of Timothy Cole's engravings and a few fine examples of Henry Wolf's.

Another cause of regret is that, because of the difficulty and expense of transport no doubt, there is scarcely any American sculpture. But whatever the omissions and mistakes may be, the collection is one of unusual interest, presented to the public with a dignity that is an honor to American art.

N. N.

Finance

IN THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.

It is a tradition of the markets that the middle of the year is a milestone of much importance in the financial movement of the twelvemonth. New influences then begin to assert themselves—notably the harvests. The season of greatest activity in trade falls in the last half of a year. Its requirements from the money markets test the question whether financial conditions generally are sound or not.

A year ago this present week, it was the commonplace of mid-year financial comment that not only did the ending of the first half of 1913 complete a very extraordinary period in the financial markets of the world at large, but that those markets were entering on a second six months' period which was in some ways surrounded by more perplexity than any similar period in many years. The same statement would apply with equal exactness to the present moment.

The first half of 1913 had included the Balkan Wars; the acute and prolonged uncertainty as to whether the larger Powers would be drawn in; the failure of a series of large Government and corporation loans to find a market, and the consequent tying-up of underwriters' resources. On the markets these events, with the very high money rates and very low bank reserve at Paris, and with our own impending tariff and banking legislation, had led to the repeated prediction that the result was sure to be an "autumn panic."

Nothing could have been more astray from the actual results than such prediction. The fighting definitely ended. Outpour of new securities at London and Paris halted, and underwriters who had been "landed" with 70 or 80 per cent. of older issues gradually sold what they had to the general public. The French market eased; the Bank of France gained $40,000,000 gold. Not only did no "autumn panic" happen, but in July the New York stock market began to rise; it was up 10 or 15 points for active stocks by the middle of September. When the advance ended, the market fell into dulness, followed, however, by what was called at the time the "bull movement" of last January. Not least remarkable, all this happened in the face of failure of the Southwestern corn crop.

The half-year which has now just ended has been a period of financial stagnation, trade dulness, and extreme confusion of financial opinion; and that description applies no more to the history of the period in the United States than in Europe, Canada, and South America.

The one common characteristic has been the desire by each market to blame the Government in its own particular country, for all that happened or that did not happen in finance and trade. London has ascribed its unsatisfactory conditions to the "Ulster controversy"; Paris, to the Socialist activities in the Legislature; Berlin, to the "relations with Russia and the Balkans"; New York, to the "Trust legislation" and the "uncertainty about the rate decision."

How far the political unsettlement has itself been a consequence of business disturbance, and how far that disturbance has been due to entirely other causes, with the financial public adopting the always convenient plan of blaming the Government for bad times—these are topics for endless debate. What is not open to debate is the fact that, instead of the stringent European money market of 1913, that of the past six months has been exceptionally easy.

The three greatest Continental banks have built up their gold reserves to by far the highest figure in their history, and the European money markets have ruled at normal figures. On the other hand, our own export to Europe of a sum of gold unprecedented for the period has been received in the American markets with entire calmness. The reappearance of an "import excess" in our monthly foreign trade returns was hardly discussed at all, outside of Congress.

How, then, about the closing half of 1914? The outlook is just a little singular. First stands the enormous wheat harvest in this country, coming at a time when Europe's wheat supplies are unusually low, and promising, therefore, both to reverse the recent movement of foreign exchange against us, and to give food at fair prices to the world at large. Next is the coming introduction of the new banking system which cannot fail in time to exert a potent influence; certainly not in the direction of continued forced contraction. What will be the nature and result of the Congressional elections is a question of much importance, to a community obsessed with the idea that present political conditions have caused all its ills. No doubt, something will depend on the form in which the "Trust bills" reach enactment—if they reach it at all this present season—and on the nature of the "rate decision."

But, meantime, the situation is that a windfall of agricultural wealth is descending on the country, at a time when stocks of merchandise of all kinds are admittedly very low. That is one problem which must be worked out, and which will certainly affect the finances of the period. At the same time, France has this week placed its long-deferred public loan upon the market, and England must, within the next few weeks, settle the Ulster trouble. And if so, what then? It is not very difficult to say what would be the natural result, in an ordinary period. But is this an ordinary period? The next six months should largely settle that. They ought also to determine what was really the significance of the as yet mysterious outburst of world-wide financial enthusiasm, at the beginning of 1914—a market forecast which has thus far been singularly unfulfilled, in this country or in Europe.

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Craik, D. M. John Halifax, Gentleman. Oxford Editions of Standard Authors. London: Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Everyman's Library: Anthology of English Prose. Essays in the Study of Folksongs. Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple. The Muses' Pageant, Vol. III, The Legend of Thebes, by W. M. L. Hutchinson. Dutton. 35 cents net each.
Flagg, J. M. I Should Say So. Doran. $1 net.
Harman, E. G. Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon. London: Constable & Co. 16s. net.
Harris, E. E. The Game of Doeg. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Barton, Bruce. A Young Man's Jesus. The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Ladd, H. O. The Origin and History of Grace Church. The Shakespeare Press. $3 net.
Wright, W. A. The Problem of Atonement. Columbus: Harriman.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Eliot, C. W. Some Roads Towards Peace. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Publication I.
Frank, R. J. Science of Organization and Business Development. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $2.75 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bailey, M. L. Milton and Jakob Boehme. Oxford University Press.
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Locke, A. A. The Seymour Family. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Pennypacker, S. W. Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Sower Co. $1.
Stephens, Winifred. La Tremoille Family. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Ward, F. K. The Land of the Blue Poppy. Putnam. $4.

POETRY.

Gregory, Padric. Modern Anglo-Irish Verse. London: David Nutt. 6s. net.
Crabbe, G. Poetical Works. Oxford Editions of Standard Authors. London: Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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